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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

For many months past foreign subjects have occupied nearly everyone, to the almost total exclusion of home politics. Indeed, whenever there is any chance of England being dragged into a war, it is evident that the foreign question likely to entangle us in so serious a manner must take precedence of all others. In fact, it becomes, in more senses than one, a home question. It touches us closely, and if it changes our policy abroad, it must, before long, cause a change in our domestic policy also. Accordingly, the Danogerman war, or, rather, not the war itself, but the Conference, in which the relations between Denmark and Germany are being discussed, is now the great, if not the only, "topic of the day" in political circles. Prince Couza may confiscate Church property in Moldavia and Wallachia; and Russia, for that and for other reasons, may threaten to enter the Principalities; Poland may continue to struggle; Hungary and Venetia may threaten to rise. All this is, comparatively, of small importance to us so long as there is any immediate prospect of ourselves, by some unforeseen combination, being involved in hostilities.

But it is all very well to talk about the Conference. No one can really tell (the armistice apart) what propositions are being laid before it, or what propositions are likely to be

accepted and what rejected. At the moment of writing all we know is that the labours of the diplomatists have at last begun, and that, either because Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation desired that Düppel should fall before any serious attempt could be made to bring about an armistice, or because Austria and her friends had taken offence at our manner of receiving Garibaldi, the Conference has assembled thirteen days later than was originally intended.

Curiously enough, the only probable theory as to the forced departure of Garibaldi (supposing for a moment that his departure was not perfectly voluntary) has scarcely been considered at all; and, so far as we are aware, has not been publicly noticed except in our own columns. It was absurd to imagine that the Emperor of the French had demanded his expulsion, and to persist in maintaining that such was the case in the teeth of a formal and authoritative denial; but it is not quite so ridiculous to fancy that the Austrian Emperor might have objected to his presence in London and to the attention paid to him by our principal statesmen, just when Austria and her allies were about to enter a Conference in which England would have to demand concessions from them. It is not to be credited that Austria made objections in precise terms. But the Conference was twice delayed because the Germans were not

ready. Then Garibaldi left London, and immediately afterwards the Conference met. These facts, and the fact that Garibaldi himself, even in his farewell address, has never once complained of his health, might well have excited new suspicions had not those raised in the first instance already exhausted the ingenuity of the suspicious classes. Garibaldi decided to leave England, either because, in the opinion of his friends and medical advisers, he was unable to support the fatigue held in store for him by his admirers in the country, or because, in the present position of our foreign relations, his continued presence in London was felt to be disadvantageous to the English Government. All the positive evidence is in favour of the former view; but it is also quite possible that Garibaldi's departure may have been thought desirable for political reasons. The French political reason, having been shown to be imaginary, must be thrown aside. The Austrian political reason has not been fairly examined. But in a few days the public will have ceased to think on the matter; and, in the meanwhile, we can only hope that the change of air prescribed for Garibaldi will prove equally beneficial to his health and to our policy. If it be doubted whether or not the former has fallen off of late.

The Garibaldi meeting on Primrose-hill, and the abrupt manner in which it was dispersed by the police, have, of



THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY: PLANTING THE SHAKESPEARE OAK ON PRIMROSE-HILL.—SEE PAGE 286.

course, called forth plenty of comment. The incident was, indeed, rather a remarkable one, and required at the very least such an explanation as Sir George Grey has given. We are inclined to think that even something more was called for. It is tolerably certain that the meeting, if it had continued, would have been a very tiresome affair; but it is by no means certain that it was illegal, while there was no ground whatever for supposing that it would lead to a breach of the peace. It had been announced in the usual manner, and as no one interfered with the Avon Water and the Oak demonstration which immediately preceded it, it was, of course, taken for granted that the one, like the other, would be allowed to pass off without impediment. The forbidden assembly would have been an assembly, no doubt, of grumblers, and, perhaps, also of violent declaimers; but the grumbling and the declaiming would have done no real harm. It would have annoyed Garibaldi, no doubt, to find that his sudden departure, made in accordance with the advice of his best friends, had been taken hold of by another set of friends as a pretext for getting up a noisy agitation; but this would have been only a sin against taste and good feeling. It cannot be supposed that any breach of the law of the land was meditated, or was at all likely to be committed; and, accordingly, it is not enough to state that the policemen who interfered, as if in anticipation of such results, "acted without instructions." The important thing to know is whether they had or had not a right to act as they did, and, in the latter case, why they are not punished, or at least reprimanded? Have the police received general orders to stop all open-air demonstrations, and is it left to them to decide when they are to be tolerated and when forbidden? If the police in breaking up the Garibaldi meeting acted without instructions they are over zealous, and "trop de zèle" is as much a fault in policemen as in diplomatists. On the other hand, if their Chief Commissioner had no instructions to give them he is not zealous enough, a fault with which we never heard of a Chief Commissioner being reproached before.

If the rule in England is henceforth to be that only meetings of a strictly unpolitical character are to be held in the open air, a safer rule still would be to allow no such assemblages at all. There is no subject which may not be made a peg to hang political opinions upon; and we have just seen that in France a dinner in honour of Shakespeare, with Victor Hugo conspicuously absent from the chair, is thought as dangerous an affair as the meeting of Garibaldian grumblers, with Mr. Beales presiding in the flesh, seems to have been considered in London. The London police had no idea that Shakespeare might have been turned to political account that very afternoon and on that very Primrose-hill, from which, with so little ceremony, they caused the more injudicious admirers of Garibaldi to depart. And, whatever old laws may say on the subject, it is contrary to our customs, which on some points are stronger than law, to allow either policemen or police commissioners to decide under what circumstances meetings in public places are to be held, and under what circumstances they are to be dispersed by force.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

There is little news of interest from France. The Paris papers are generally occupied with discussions as to what is likely to be done at the London Conference. One report is that the Conference will be converted into a general congress, and that the French Envoy will propose a general disarmament. Some of the papers have received warnings for publishing what the Government officials call "exaggerated" accounts of the disturbances among the Arabs in Algiers. Similar disorders have broken out in Tunis, where, it is said, the Dey has been murdered. French, English, and Italian squadrons had been sent to that quarter to protect foreigners.

ITALY.

A popular meeting has been held at Naples, when an address of thanks to the English people for the reception given to General Garibaldi was voted, and also an address of sympathy with Hungary. The address was presented to the English Consul at Naples.

AUSTRIA.

Count Forgach, the Hungarian Aulic Chancellor, has resigned, it is said, in consequence of differences with M. von Schmerling. Count Hermann Zichy has been appointed to the vacant office.

THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

The Chamber of Deputies has passed a resolution that, in future, the Ministers are to take the oath of allegiance to the people, and not to the Prince. The *Wanderer* of Vienna publishes news from Jassy that the Russian Government has given orders to the Commandant of Odessa to enter Moldavia under certain circumstances.

POLAND.

Advices from Warsaw to the 25th inst. state that on the previous day a letter from Archbishop Felinski was read to the various congregations abolishing mourning in the churches. In consequence of this the bells and organs are again used.

GREECE.

Advices from Athens state that the Canaris Ministry had resigned. It was said that a new Ministry would be formed by M. Balbes.

MEXICO.

It is reported, via New Orleans, April 5, that the French were marching to attack Matamoros. A preliminary encounter with the Mexicans had resulted favourably to the French. Three French frigates were about to ascend the Rio Grande to co-operate with the land forces. The Mexican Governor Cortinas had ordered all his troops to concentrate at Matamoros.

Advices from the city of Mexico, to the 28th ult., report that the Imperial cause is rapidly gaining in popularity. Continued success attended the French army.

TURNING THE STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR.—The French papers notice a project put forth by M. Alexander Laya for the construction of a maritime canal on Spanish soil which is to supersede the Strait of Gibraltar, and to render "illusory the possession of the fortified rock bearing that name." The capital required is, it seems, about four millions sterling. The plans of M. Laya have, it is stated, been carefully examined by competent persons, and the only thing now required is to find some one willing to advance the money for carrying them out. The dividend expected on the capital invested is not mentioned.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

MOVEMENTS OF THE ARMIES.

Since the capture of the Düppel forts active operations have been suspended on both sides. Immediately after their success at Düppel the Prussians moved a large portion of their army into Jutland, with the intention, it was believed, of undertaking the siege of Fredericia. They were reported, on Saturday last, to be a mile and a half south of Aarhus; while the troops left at Düppel were strengthening the works at the tête-du-pont and between Rægebol and Alsens Sound. They had not, however, made any attempt to cross into the Isle of Alsens. On the other hand, the Danes were evacuating the island, which they know to be quite untenable. The greater portion of the army and large quantities of guns and material of war had been removed to the Isle of Funen, in the rear of Fredericia, with the view of being employed in the defence of that fortress. General Gerlach left Alsens, with his Staff, on the 22nd inst., for Assens, in the Isle of Funen. The General's health was in a very precarious state, and it was expected that a new commander-in-chief would be appointed. Many of the inhabitants have also left Alsens, with their household goods and whatever other property they could carry off. Alsens, therefore, loses a great portion of the interest attached to it because it now really becomes but a resting-place of a rearguard under General Steinman, whose duty it is to cover the embarkation of the remnant of the matériel of war, to make a demonstration should the enemy attempt a passage of the Sound, and when the banks of this strip of water are so raked with artillery as to prevent the approach of man or horse then to evacuate the island, bringing off as many men as possible. The remains of the Danish army is represented to be much depressed in spirit and somewhat disorganised, but as devoted and determined to fight to the last as ever.

The King of Prussia paid a visit to the army on the 21st inst., and held a review at Gravenstein, when he was lavish in his praises to the officers and soldiers engaged in the capture of Düppel. He is reported to have been well received by the people in his progress through both duchies, to whom he returned thanks for the treatment they had accorded to his troops.

PROCLAMATION OF KING CHRISTIAN TO THE DANISH ARMY.

The following proclamation has been issued by King Christian to the army:—

Brave soldiers! Undaunted and heroic comrades!—The army occupying the Düppel position has been forced to retreat to Alsens, after a defence which will be memorable to remotest posterity, not only on account of the inequality of the contest, but also for the heroism with which it was fought.

Heavy, indeed, have been the sufferings the development of the contest has entailed upon you; nor will the great and painful losses of the last few days ever be forgotten. But by God's help neither the sufferings nor the losses will have been in vain, for they will bear fruits in the war we are now waging against might and injustice, a war the aim of which is the existence and independence of our beloved country.

I return you the fervent thanks of myself and my people for the perseverance and self-sacrificing heroism you have displayed, and I am convinced that you will still be inspired by the same spirit.

God preserve my brave Danish army! May it receive the reward of its persevering bravery, and may He confer everlasting peace upon our fallen heroes!

THE CAPTURE OF DÜPPEL.

The correspondent of the *Times* with the allied army, writing on the evening of the 18th, gives the following description of the Prussian attack on the Danish works at Düppel:—

Towards nine o'clock this morning the usual indications were seen of an important forward movement close at hand. Already clouds of dust along the more distant roads had told of troops in motion, but now a strong column came up and entered the Büffel Koppel, among whose deep brown shadows it quickly lost itself, its bayonets only here and there glimmering and sparkling as they caught a sunray between the thickly-planted trees. Presently its head debouched from the wood at its north-west corner, and again soon disappeared in the covered ways by which it was to reach the parallels. Along the Sonderburg road now came a long train of coffin-like vehicles, painted a pale blue. They are the ambulances. Along all the roads from the rear is a stir of men and horses; here a battalion, there a train of ammunition-wagons; here a group of horsemen pressing on to the front, yonder one of the Princes, with Staff and servants, and cuirassier orderlies in their white coats. It is nine o'clock. On the right of the Rügenberg strong columns enter the approaches to the first parallel. The fire continues more heavily than ever; but a friendly breeze springs up, and the smoke clears away more rapidly than before. What volleys of artillery, what fat puffs of smoke, yellow and sulphurous-looking at its exit from the gun, but growing white and greyish as it melts in the air! Some cavalry now come down the road—Lancers and Zieten's red Hussars, and other blue-coated Hussars; but it is unlikely they will have ought to do this day. Far to the rear on the Sonderburg road are fresh clouds of dust—more troops coming up. Except the sick and men on guard, the whole army is out, and such is the repeated strength those Düppel forts have won, none think it a man too many. Decidedly the Danes are not firing, and how should they? If they could stand to their guns under the fire now poured in upon them there would be no accounting for their silence on previous days. But the appointed hour approaches—it wants only a few minutes of ten. Suddenly the Prussian guns are mute, and almost at the same moment the breastwork of the foremost parallel, so lifeless just before, becomes like a busy anthill. Running up the fascine staircases on its inner side, and swarming over its summits, the storming parties appear. Apparently the steps are hardly sufficiently extensive, for the men are crowded together, and some very slight delay ensues before all can get down. The check, although but momentary, is taken advantage of by the Danes, and all along their line, from the top of the forts and from behind the works connecting them, there crackles a sharp fire of rifles. Some Prussians fall; but the others are now upon the open ground, and forward they run, lightly burdened, without knapsacks, with only their rolled greatcoats slung across their bodies, and their trusty, rapid-firing rifle in their hands. No troops could advance more judiciously, or, as it seems to me, at a better pace. In open order they race over the short but perilous space between them and the forts. Those whose object is Fort No. 1 make a half wheel to their right, that fort being below the extremity of the parallel; the others go straight forward or slightly incline in the direction of their respective destinations. A battalion goes against each fort; lots have been drawn by the companies for the honour of sharing in the assault; there are Guards, and the 35th (a regiment already well noted in this war), and the 60th and 53rd, and the 18th from the province of Posen, and the 8th Royal Grenadiers—both eager to revenge the check they received, on the 28th of March, from the Rolf Krake rather than from the Danish land forces—and various other regiments whose numbers do not occur to me. Their officers lead them gallantly on, and with them are some of the Staff, eager to show them the way. From behind their defences the Danes keep up a steady fire, to which the Prussians do not pause to reply, but hurry on, leaving dead and wounded on the ground behind them. In front go men bearing planks and mattresses, but these are for the most part soon outstripped by those who have no such burdens. They reach the posts and wires; the latter, about the thickness of telegraph wires, are quickly cut through. Below them, on a width of twelve feet, is a line of wooden pegs, cut sharp at the top and stuck thick and upright in the ground. These are cut down so quickly that the check they occasion is scarcely perceptible. In some places the mattresses and planks are thrown over them. In one way or another the obstacle is speedily surmounted, and in another half minute the Prussians are swarming up the breastworks of the redoubts. To my surprise, scarcely any artillery is used against them. Here and there I note the discharge of a gun, doubtless loaded with grape; but the Danes rely almost exclusively on their musketry, which is by no means sufficient to repel the eager and determined onset. Here and there it tells. As the Prussians gain the summit of the earthworks they fire down into them, and then many disappear, while others seem to remain on the top and to hover round the forts. This part of the fight is indistinct to a spectator; for it is impossible to see what passes within the forts, and the whole affair has a vague and undecided appearance until all doubt as to the result of the conflict is removed by the appearance, in rear of the redoubts, of a few Danes hurriedly retreating across the fields. They are soon followed by the Prussians, and driven, without any stubborn resistance on their part, from bank to bank, through some defences erected in rear of the forts, down towards Alsens Sound and the bridges leading over to Sonderburg. The fall in the ground prevents further view. All is quiet now at Forts 1 and 2; the works connecting them, and which are also extremely strong, are also in the hands of the Prussians; No. 6 does not give much trouble; there are masses of troops gathering about Nos. 3 and 4, which are connected by a sort of curtain with traverses, and are at short distances from each other. No. 4, a very large and formidable fort, seems to give most trouble; but presently, with a redoubled repetition of the loud hurrah which had accompanied the capture of each redoubt, the Prussian colours are planted on the pinnacle of the highest and best defended of those earthen citadels.

In a quarter of an hour the whole thing was over, and the Prussians had driven back the retreating Danes, and had taken, in spite of the resistance offered by battalions in reserve, certain secondary defences in rear of the first line. Meanwhile, the Rolf Krake, which had lain idle all morning, looking black and dangerous, out of range of the Prussian batteries, got into motion at about five minutes past ten and steamed in the direction of No. 1, the fort

at the edge of the water, just at the entrance of the Venningsbund. I have no doubt that her approach made the Prussians nearest to her a little nervous, for there exists an unpleasant recollection of her bold attack on the 18th Regiment on the morning of the 28th of March, when one of her discharges of grape killed or wounded twenty-three men. But this time she had come too late. Had she risked it half an hour sooner, or at the moment when the Prussian infantry crowned the breastwork of the foremost parallel, she might have done considerable damage, though she might not have prevented the capture of even one fort. Apparently she had difficulty in making up her mind to brave the formidable batteries in readiness to receive her. As it was, she either took up her station too far, or had difficulty in getting the range—the latter most probably, for, although not a few of her shells fell in the water, others went beyond their mark. However, at twenty minutes past ten she opened fire and thundered away briskly for nearly an hour, the fragments of her shells splashing into the calm waters of the Venningsbund. She was immediately a mark for three batteries on the north shore and for the 24-pounders at Gammelmark, and their shot flew over and around her, but for some time did not seem to touch her. At last her adversaries got the range. She managed to send a couple of shells into Fort 1, then occupied by the Prussians, and some others burst over the ground beyond, without injuring any one, so far as I could learn; but some of the Prussian heavy projectiles crashed against her iron sides, one burst upon her deck, another seemed to hit her mast, and a friend, who was observing her from a different point from myself, says that damage was done to her rudder. Another steamer came down to her, as if to inquire whether she wanted assistance, which she apparently did not require, but she thought she should gain nothing by remaining or that she would be likely to receive more harm than she inflicted, for at a quarter past eleven she was off.

The firing still went on in front, but cannon and musketry. The Prussians had taken up their rifled guns into the forts, and were firing at the batteries on Alsens shore, which replied in very good style. There was also musketry; the fight was for the tête-de-pont; the Prussians wanted to drive the Danes completely off the mainland, and the Danes, supported by their powerful batteries on the Sonderburg side, would not go. Owing to the nature of the ground it was difficult to obtain a good view of the contest without getting under a heavy fire. The Danish shells were falling all about the higher forts and even a good bit beyond them. I went into Fort 4, which was less fired at than some of the higher numbers, and obtained a capital view of Sonderburg. There was a great deal of smoke along the shores of the sound, and some vessels that lay there were burning. The upshot of the fight was that the tête-de-pont was relinquished by the Danes. One bridge was burnt and the other broken. The Prussians, when they got the tête-de-pont, could not remain in it, since it was open to the Danish side; but they kept behind it and fired over the parapet into the town. There were a great many Danes and Prussians (chiefly the former) lying dead and wounded between the forts and the Alsens shore. About the remnant of the shattered mill they lay very thick. All the afternoon the batteries blazed at each other, and Danes and Prussians exchanged rifle-shots across the Sound. Towards evening the fire slackened, partly, perhaps, because nothing was to be gained by keeping it up, and partly because the combatants were wearied by a hard day's work, and because the irritation engendered by the morning's conflict began to subside.

STATE OF THE DANISH WORKS BEFORE THE ASSAULT.

A correspondent in the Danish camp thus describes the state to which the Düppel forts had been reduced by the fire of the Prussian artillery and the utter hopelessness of continuing the defence:—

The condition to which the Düppel bastions has been reduced allowed no hopes of a prolonged resistance. Nos. 1 and 2 had long since ceased to exist; they were not only dismantled and silenced, but were actually blotted out of the line. Nos. 3 and 4, the latter the key to the whole position, had barely three or four cannon left between the two. The rifle-pits outside these forts had fallen into the enemy's hands, and between the palisades of the forts and the Prussian outposts an interval of barely 500 yards intervened, totally forsaken by the Danish pickets. The whole of the Danish left was defenceless, and no less disheartening news reached us of the condition of the right. That the Danes in such a plight might feel inclined to withdraw their forces in the night was, indeed, by no means incredible; but whether such an attempt was at all likely to be successful, with the enemy so close at hand and with a moonlight as bright as day, was a very different question. At all events, orders had come from Copenhagen that "the army should stand its ground to the last." The brave troops had no hope of conquering, they had even no chance to fight, but were determined to do what still remained in their power—to die. The Danes were for a long time fighting with the hearts of men who not only despaired of victory, but who had even lost all expectation of ever gaining a glimpse of the enemy that was in front of them. Day by day they buried their dead and carried home their wounded, with the certainty that hardly any loss whatever had been inflicted on the overbearing foe. They did not shrink from duty; they did not loudly complain; they did not even murmur at being sent forth to that unavailing butchery; but they knew that as the army was dwindling away daily and falling piecemeal, so the day would come when it would be slaughtered wholesale, in which the Prussians would shoot them all down before them as game at a battue, and actually "blow them from their guns." That Düppel should be abandoned, and the attempt made to remove its defenders by stealth in the night, was the opinion firmly entertained by all officers mature in the art of war. That opinion was fully and unreservedly shared by the men at head-quarters. Even on the eve of the disaster leave to act upon that suggestion was asked by telegram from Copenhagen. The telegram transpired, and, as you are aware, most people were convinced that the troops would before morning be withdrawn. The answer of Bishop Monrad was, "Düppel should be held at any price."

The losses of the Danes in killed, wounded, and prisoners is reckoned at between 6000 and 7000 men, including a large proportion of officers. The Prussian losses amount to between 1500 and 2000 men, including wounded.

NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE BALTIC.

A telegram from Berlin reports that, at 12.45 a.m. on the 24th, an engagement took place off the coast of Rugen Island, within view of the post-house of Wittow, between a Prussian gun-boat and the Danish iron-clad frigate Tordenskiold. The Danish frigate sailed off, pursued by nine slow-sailing Prussian boats, which failed to overtake her. The Tordenskiold was, however, subsequently overtaken by the Grille and set on fire, but the Danes succeeded in extinguishing the flames.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

We have news from New York to the 15th inst.

Letters from Washington state that a threefold advance on Richmond—namely by Grant across the Rapidan, Smith up the Peninsula, and Burnside via Goldsborough, North Carolina—had been determined upon. Orders had been issued by General Grant to revoke all furloughs, to direct baggage to the rear, and to leave the army, in view of the resumption of active operations. The roads in Virginia were rapidly drying, and an immediate advance by General Grant was expected.

The Confederates, under Forrest, had carried Fort Pillow by assault at 3 p.m. on the 13th. The struggle was most desperate. It is stated that 400 out of 600 Federals were killed or wounded. The re-possession of Pillow by the Confederates again closes the Mississippi. The Confederates had removed ordnance from the post, and were preparing to attack Memphis, which, it was believed, had not the adequate force to defend itself.

The Confederates, under Buford, had again occupied Paducah, Kentucky, and had removed large numbers of horses and other spoils, after which they evacuated the place.

A slight engagement, lasting three hours, occurred on the 28th ult., thirty-five miles above Alexandria, Louisiana, between 8000 Federals and the Confederates, who were estimated at 12,000 strong. The Federals are reported to have captured 500 prisoners and then continued advancing, endeavouring to bring on a general engagement.

An unsuccessful attempt to blow up the Federal frigate *Minnesota*, in Hampton Roads, with a torpedo, had been made by the Confederates on the morning of the 9th. The Federal transport steamer *Maple Leaf* had been sunk by a torpedo in St. John's River, Florida, on the 30th ult. Four of her crew were lost.

The Senate had passed a resolution amending the Constitution so as to abolish slavery. The resolution had yet to pass the House of Representatives and the State Legislatures. The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, with the approval of the President and the Cabinet, had decided not to support the recent resolution of the House of Representatives relative to the erection of a monarchy in Mexico.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Long, of Ohio, made a speech in favour of peace, advocating the immediate recognition of the Southern Confederacy. Next day Speaker Colfax descended from the chair and moved Mr. Long's expulsion for treason. Mr. Harris, of Maryland, defended Mr. Long, and prayed that the South might never be conquered; thereupon Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, moved the expulsion of Mr. Harris. Eighty-one votes were in favour

and fifty-eight against; but, there not being a majority of two thirds, the motion was lost. A vote of censure on Mr. Harris was immediately afterwards carried, on the motion of General Schenck. Mr. Fernando Wood and other members supported Mr. Long, the vote for whose expulsion was afterwards withdrawn and a vote of censure passed by eighty to seventy votes.

In Louisiana the election for delegates to the State Constitutional Convention had resulted in the success of the Free State party.

An enormous mass meeting of working men had been held at New York, protesting against legislative interference with strikes. The draught in the North, which was ordered for the 15th, had been delayed till further orders.

FINE ARTS.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE "Old Water Colour" is nowise behind its younger brother in excellence this year. Perhaps in figure-subjects it somewhat surpasses it, and it is, we are inclined to think, even stronger in this particular than in landscape, although the names Branwhite, Callow, Cox, Duncan, Newton, Read, and Smith will sufficiently guarantee excellence in the latter.

Mr. Walker, the recently elected Associate, is by far the most successful this year. We have seldom seen a picture more perfect in sentiment or more thoroughly true to nature than his "Spring" (92), a girl gathering creamy primroses among the emerald-budded bushes of the early year. "Philip" (317), a scene from Thackeray's novel, is also excellent. Without sacrificing the interest of the principal figures, Mr. Walker has worked up the heads in the background with all the care of miniature. It is a picture to sit quietly before for half an hour of calm enjoyment. "Refreshment" (292) is a delightful little picture, but "A Garden Scene" (131) falls a little below the high standard this artist has established. It seems as if it were painted "under his voice," to borrow a simile from singing.

Mr. Gilbert is as rich and effective as usual. Of his numerous contributions we prefer the "Brawl" (2), painted at the moment when the fighting is over and the successful combatant, half remorseful already, wipes the bloody weapon and gazes on the fallen man. "The Battle of the Boyne" (20) is spirited, but a trifle grey in tone. "Falstaff and Bardolph" (164) is good in colour; but, somehow, Mr. Gilbert's conception of the fat knight is not ours. For the other two pictures of this artist we care less.

Mr. Burton's "Hellelil and Hildebrand" (82) is a fine picture well painted, but the foreshortening of the knight's left leg is awkward—if correct. The attitude of Hellelil is very graceful, and her robe a charming bit of colour. Two other pictures by this artist will be found on the screens—"Miranda" (339) and a beautiful head—one of the best studies in the gallery—entitled "L'Ecouyer" (297)—though somewhat too feminine for a squire, the face is exquisitely painted and the expression, of the eyes especially, full of meaning; nor must the painting of the pearl-brodered surtout be dismissed without a word of praise.

Of Mr. Smallfield's pictures we give our preference to the "Slave of the Fish-pond" (224). It has originality and suggestiveness, and is carefully drawn and well coloured. It was a happy notion to depict the little captive torturing his fellow-prisoners. There are several heads by this artist that are very meritorious—Nos. 46, 194, for example; but No. 309 is our next favourite—the faces of the young lovers speak volumes. Mr. Taylor exhibits some of his spirited paintings, from which we select "The Mistress of the Buckhounds" (161) and "Troopers on the March" (350) for particular mention.

We should also advise the visitor not to overlook the interior of a "Scotch Gamekeeper's Hut" (107) by Mr. Richardson, or Mr. Jenkins's "Home" (283). We feel sure he cannot miss Mr. Carl Haag's splendid study of an "Old Man's Head" (251)—his best picture in this exhibition; though there are others very good indeed; for example, No. 6 or No. 83, "Choristers at Seville" (216), by Mr. Lundgren, is a well-composed group, and very good in colour; and some of Mr. Topham's figure-subjects are excellent—for choice we should select No. 172—"Saved."

We make it a rule to avoid censure as much as possible in these notices, because, generally, it does not benefit incapability to tell it of faults it cannot remedy. But Mr. Burne Jones—we suppose we must call them pictures—are so actively bad, so likely to mislead others, that for once we must express surprise at their being hung. They have the worst faults of the pre-Raphaelite school, unredeemed by beauty of colour such as wins pardon for the errors of some artists we could name. They are simply caricatures of nature, dull and muddy in tone, flat and ungraceful in drawing, and utterly devoid of character and sentiment.

From such nightmare deformities it is pleasant to turn to the landscapes. Among these it is hard to say which we like best, but perhaps the breadth and boldness of Branwhite impress themselves most on the memory. Of this artist's pictures No. 3, a view in North Wales, is remarkable for the vivid greenery of its spring foliage, and the clever painting of the stream which mirrors the trees and sky, while it also reveals the rocks in its bed. A "Winter Scene" (111) is carefully painted; a bit of stone fence at the foot of a tree, with patches of snow on it, is realised with great skill. An effect of sun on snow, in No. 236, is also well rendered. "Moonlight on the Lledr" (19) and "Evening on the Avon" (183), are deserving of a study for their bold treatment of effects; but in No. 210 we are inclined to disagree with the colour of the sky.

Mr. Birket Foster's landscapes are gems! If he brings to them a suspicion too much of the draughtsman's finish, their general beauty is undestroyed by it. "Flying a Kite" (125) (a group of such children!) is full of sunlight that pours in through the beech-leaves and floods the grass with brightness. The "Donkey-ride" (143) is brimming over with fun, and withal true to nature; and there are charming little pictures on the screens; but to say what of Mr. Foster's we like would be simply to copy the nine numbers which follow his name in the catalogue of exhibitors.

Mr. Duncan's "Wreck" (5) is remarkable for the truth with which he renders the glimpse of angry sunlight breaking through the leaden clouds. Of course his sea is irreproachable in this as in his other two pictures, Nos. 115 and 220.

In Mr. Alfred Newton's "Loch Leven" (43) a few bright-red drain-pipes—it does not sound picturesque, does it?—make us value the tender tones of water, sky, and mountain, just as the distant report of a gun on a quiet evening teaches us the depth of the stillness. In his "Waiting for the Tide" (89) this artist, besides painting some splendid moonlit water, catches an effect we never before saw attempted—the moon is half hidden behind a cloud, which, apparently dark and opaque, is melted into a transparent silver haze where it lies over the bright orb. In No. 255 he paints some good light, and renders water ruffled with a breeze very happily.

One of the truest pictures in the exhibition is Mr. Rosenberg's view "On the Avon" (60). Stillness has never been painted better; not a breath of air stirs to wave the rushes, to break the mirrored wave, or sway from its perpendicular the spire of poplar that stands out against the quiet heavens. No. 329, by the same artist, is also noticeable for truthfulness; but we are not quite so sure about No. 225. Mr. S. Read is as successful as usual in his cathedral interior (64), and Mr. David Cox, jun., follows worthily in his father's steps, while the Callows are the exhibitors of pictures well calculated to sustain their reputations. Mr. G. A. Fripp is well represented, "A View on the Thames" (229) being the best picture to our fancy among his contributions.

Three pictures by Mr. Davidson will well repay careful inspection. No. 23 is painted with care and fidelity, Spring being the theme, while Autumn is treated in No. 112, in which there is some capably-painted fern. "Evening on the Sands at Barmouth" (122) is a vivid realisation of the scene. Mr. A. W. Hunt is a little too much given to a crude, bright green; but his "Mill at Ambleside" is well done. The same fault of colouring is observable in Mr. Boyce,

who, we honestly confess, is a puzzle to us, he is sometimes so good and at other times so hard and unsatisfactory. The roof in No. 299 is a marvel of patient labour after truth.

Mr. Glennie has some good Roman views, and Mr. Naftel exhibits several praiseworthy pictures. Of these we admire most Nos. 349 and 351, which are exquisite glimpses of beautiful country.

Mr. Brittan Willis is in full force. We cannot divest ourselves of the idea that the very vividness of his painting makes it seem hard and unreal at times. His "Last Ray" (180), however, is a bold and successful rendering of a peculiar sunlight effect.

What has befallen Mr. Jackson? Once the most promising of our marine painters, he has fallen into mannerism and stiffness. It seems as if he had neglected Nature and set to work repeating from a sketch-book. The painting of his seas is as transparent and true as ever; but his waves have lost movement and dash. When we remember what he has done, and look at his present pictures, we are positively pained at the falling off.

A bust of the late William Hunt, by Munro, stands in the centre of the gallery, and not the least interesting pictures on the walls are the last works of the industrious veteran. A "Flower Girl" (275), with a basket of such flowers as only Hunt could paint, is the most remarkable of these—it is absolute perfection, a worthy monument of the patient skill and honest love of nature which distinguished the deceased artist. We should like to see this picture in the National Collection.

THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH AND FLEMISH PICTURES.

We are by no means of the number of those who delight to gloat upon the superiority of French art over English. The difference between the schools is so decided that they can hardly be compared with fairness. Fricassee is nice, and beefsteak is good in its way; but who would dream of complaining that the one is not the other.

That the French possess a higher knowledge of drawing—a comparatively mechanical skill—is a fact which reflects less on our artists individually than on the Royal Academy, as the body which should foster art here as it is fostered abroad.

The difference of climate may have much to do with the distinction of colouring. Under the warm skies of France art turns to cool half-tones and neutral tints as a positive relief to the garish hues of nature. Beneath our grey skies she lays a gaudier palette, to comfort the eye with warmth of hue.

Perhaps, after all, we must confess that, as a school, the French artists give us, individually, most delight. But it does not follow, therefore, that we shall join in the common cry and declare we have no painters in England. An array of such pictures as never graced foreign easel rises in effectual protest against the silly and sweeping assertion. Moreover, it must be remembered that at the French Gallery we are looking at barely two hundred picked specimens, not to be honestly compared with the more numerous and less carefully chosen rank and file of our own exhibitions. In the one instance, we are presented with a bowl of golden cream, daintily skimmed; in the other, we have the run of the dairy. But, even in the French Gallery, we might, did we not choose to spare a lady's feelings, point out two or three daubs for which our own galleries could hardly find a parallel.

"Cream of the cream" of which we just now spoke is Gérôme's "Barge" (58). A State prisoner—some officer of State grown grey in iniquity—under guard of an Amour, is rowed along to his fate by a negro and a Copt, while a minstrel seated in the stern vainly strives to chase his gloomy forebodings with song. The day is one of those sultry, still days when the water actually quivers and trembles with the intense heat. The sun has sunk below the horizon, but not so far but that he can smite to the glowing white heat of gold the advanced guard of a thin column of clouds that seems to swoop like a tribe of Bedouins upon the flank of the retreating orb. The imperceptible gradation of these cloudlings from fleeces of purple to molten drops of gold is marvellous. A long, low line of shore crosses the background, bathed in a dim haze, which softens and blends, yet without blurring, the picturesque outlines of the temples and mosques that send lengthened wavering reflections flickering over the oily wave down to the very front of the picture, where the quaint craft slides along. The water rolls, without breaking, off her dark sides, as the two oarsmen steadily and strongly ply their uncouth blades in "a form" that would distract the captain of an Oxford "torpid." There is not a point in the picture which is not a wonder of exact care and loving fidelity to nature. We are looking, in fact, upon reality from the cabin window of the Nile boat. Gérôme's second contribution—a Bashî-Bazouk (59)—would be better appreciated if hung further from "The Barge." The flecks of sunshine which fall through the broken roof that admits such glimpses of blue sky, are positive light, and the eyes of the drinking soldier tell plainly of the delight of the draught from that cool earthen jar of water.

Next to Gérôme undoubtedly stands Gallait. It may certainly be alleged, with some specious air of justice, that his paintings are too theatrical. But not a word can be said against their painting; and, for our part, we are content to acknowledge two styles of historical pictures—the one, that mere servile replica of an actual event, which we can now obtain from the photographer; the other, a picture of history as it ought to be—a correction of plain fact and an elevation of it to the platform of art. (We must not forget, however, that this latter style is a dangerous one, and was the mother of that "classic" style which sets Wellington barelegged on a towel-saddled steed and clothes Peel in a tablecloth toga.) Gallait has two pictures on the walls of the French Gallery. The best, to our mind, is that which represents "Vargas taking the Oath at the hands of Alva on his Appointment as President of the Council of Blood" (53). Vargas, with little, fiery, ferret eyes and crisp red beard and hair, clad in a scarlet robe, lays his hand (a marvellous study) upon the open book, and adds to the cruel oath such additional savagery as could only be conceived in that narrow forehead, with its green shadows, like the weed in treacherous pools; and only be uttered by that ferocious mouth, which the wild-beast beard cannot hide. We have seen the keynote of this figure described by one critic as "blood;" but, blood being crimson, not scarlet, the keynote, if there be one, seems to us rather "fire."—Vargas is the incarnation of red-hot bigotry. The other heads are equally well painted. Alva looks fixedly at Vargas, perhaps half doubting the depth of such ostentatious intensity. A redbearded monk behind applauds and relishes the addition; but there is terror in some of the other faces—in one that looking up, finger on page, from the book (whence he dictates the oath), and, gazing in Alva's face, doubts if the interpolation do not invalidate the ceremony;—and even in that of the fanatic who is writing. He has been too eager for blood to shave his crown or his bristling chin; but even his pen is arrested by the unnatural ferocity of Vargas.

The second picture (54) is not far behind the first in merit. Counts Egmont and Horn are hearing the reading of their sentence on the eve of their execution. A monk, thrown into shadow by the torch held behind him, recites the sentence. Egmont, grasping his confessor's hand—perhaps a little nervously, for life is sweet—listens with a face full of thought of the present and the future. Horn, older and sterner, turns back to the past, and the eyes which look out of the picture are full of solemn memories. A savage head behind that of the reading monk—is it the executioner's?—seems measuring the victims with a butcherly appreciation.

Edouard Frère's "Saying Grace" (48) is hardly up to his average; but the heads are very varied, yet all inspired by the same devotional feeling—a similarity in diversity which shows the thorough knowledge of character for which Frère is deservedly famed. We should like Charles Frère's pictures better were they a little less woolly in texture; but there is plenty of life and reality about the "Coming Storm" (46).

The picture of the "Shipwrecked," by Israels, was one of the favourites in the International Exhibition. It had its faults of colouring, however, and we fancy these are somewhat exaggerated in "The Poor Widow's Removal" (70). Good in composition, full of pathos, and clever in drawing, it appears to us to possess an unnatural opacity and slateness, which, instead of heightening the

sentiment, destroy it for lack of the "one touch of nature." The "Gleaners" (71), by the same artist, is a picture that reminds us of Gainsborough—and that is high praise.

We must confess to disappointment at Mdm. Jerichau's "Shipwrecked" (74). The lady and child are too dry for people just escaped from drowning; but the sailor and the fisher-girl are good.

The "Dame School" (92) of Laugée is a little bit of real nature. The old lady's head is capital, and the hesitating scholar and prompting friend are excellent. Very truthful, too, is the little "confab" carried on between two of the girls behind the raised flap of the desk. We hardly fancy that Leys's trio of pictures will at all add to his fame. The two portraits (98, 99) are laboured essays in the direction of mediæval hideosity, which are not redeemed even by such colour and handling. "Going to Church" (97) is admirable in some parts, but has no atmosphere, while the foreground is excessively careless. In the British Institution there are some pigeons by Sir Edwin Landseer, into which we look closely to find that the apparent delicate finish of the plumage is dashed in with one sweep of the brush. In this picture of Leys the foreground is disfigured by what we perceive to be daubs of paint before we discover they are footsteps in the snow. Vibert's "Artists' Siesta" (179) contrasts favourably with this loose style. Solid and sound in colour, it is splendid in tone—vivid and full of warm sunlight. Equally real is Von's wagon-load of "Wounded Soldiers" (186), the poor, writhing fellow in front being almost too real to be a pleasant subject for contemplation.

Meissonnier is represented by his pupil Ruiperez, who does his best to make us not regret the absence of his master. His "Card-Players" (126) is especially good, the expression of a man in the doorway being very lifelike. Bisschop's "Old Woman" (6) is a rare bit of character; and his "Mariner's Widow" (7) one of the best things in the gallery, though we question the correctness of the reflection in the mirror. Another bit of character, worthy of Hogarth, is Le Poittevin's "Country Postman" (96), sitting in ungainly manner on the rusty grey horse he is striving to urge into a trot. There is plenty of quiet fun in this, and it is well painted, moreover—background as well as figure.

Schreyer is one of the largest, and certainly not the least successful, of the exhibitors. His "Sledge-Travelling" (138) is a fine picture—large, yet good in details, especially in the expression of the traveller's face, beaten upon by the biting snow. His Algerian pictures of mounted Arabs show a thorough knowledge of the horse. A somewhat similar subject by Fromentin (51) is very well treated, the plumage of the falcons being painted with great truthfulness.

Of classical subjects there are fewer than usual. The best, to our mind, is Cooman's "Confusion" (26), in which a hapless boy—"in-toed" by the consciousness that he does not know his lesson—is repeating his alphabet to a girl so lovely, so dreamily and voluptuously painted, that, were the child older, we could quite understand his forgetting all sorts of lessons in the contemplation of her beauty. Mottez, the pupil of Ingres, is as cold, but not as correct, as his master; yet his "Phryne" (108)—no subject, it will be acknowledged, for such a chilly brush—and "Clytemnestra" (109) will repay inspection.

Trayer will be admitted by the ladies, who are the best judges, to be the first portrayer of babies in the world—witness his four pictures here (159-162). Nor will J. A. Breton fail to please with "Grandpapa's Birthday" (18), in which the old man and the children are excellently done. The old man in Scholten's "Loss of an Old Friend" (137) is, if possible, better. There is an utter desolation about the picture that is admirably conveyed. A happily-caught expression will also be found in Madou's "Smoker" (104), and in the servant girl in Plassen's scene from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" (117), and his "Dessert" (119). The face, too, of the crippled child in Duverger's "Mountebanks" (31) is full of melancholy thought; but the whole picture deserves careful study for the enforced reality of its mixture of the grotesque and sad. Lassalle has some pictures on a similar theme that should not be missed. But let the visitor not fail to note Salmon's "Turkey-Girl" (129), so admirably painted in the cold light of the vertical sun of a winter mid-day. Nor should he forget to compare Nos. 77, 148, 185, and 134, all paintings of female figures dressed in the half-tints, with well-cast folds and splendid texture, and (especially in the last) so much sweetness of expression and sentiment.

Of the landscapes, Achenbach's "Ostende" (1) stands first, for the splendidly vigorous painting of its sea, churned to white froth against the stony barriers. Next to this, two gems by Gude (60 and 61), the last remarkable for its "blowy" character; a shower just coming up crisps the cold dyke, and half obscures the last lingering spot of sun upon the red bank and its gnarled roots. An absolute glimpse of nature is Lamorinière's "Meadow near Antwerp" (85), remarkable for its faithful rendering of grass, and tree, and water. Almost as good, too, is Lambinet's "Duckpond" (82), and more pleasing because more like an English view. Bossuet's scene "On the Guadalquivir" (13), with the glassy river and the level sunbeams, rosy on the broken ground in front, is a very fine picture; and there are two paintings by Breton, which, if they were not so unsatisfactorily hasty and crude, would be particularly real and pleasing. Weissenbruch and Sprenger exhibit some remarkably good Dutch landscapes, and Noel has some nice views.

Of the animal-painters, Verboekhoven, of course, is the chief; but Mdm. Peyrol (née Bonheur) is close upon him with "A Goat and Kids" (10), feeding on the short, scant herbage of a moor. Haas, Schenk, Van Kuyck, and Veerschur also send pictures of animal life, which must not be overlooked; and Noterman contributes a "Misunderstanding" (115) between a dog and cat that is full of humour—especially in the painting of the latter animal.

On the whole, this eleventh exhibition is a thoroughly good one, and makes us feel how large a debt of gratitude we owe to the promoters of the gallery for such annual importations of Continental art.

ASSOCIATION OF FRENCH PROFESSORS.—An association of the professors of French established in England has been formed in London with the following objects:—To improve the teaching of the French language in England; to promote friendly intercourse between the professors; to afford assistance to members of the association in time of need, and to act as a medium of communication between the professors of French and the principals of schools and heads of families. The main object of the institution is to provide for all who may need their services, masters of undoubted moral character and of guaranteed talents and attainments, as the admission to the association is subjected to such conditions as may ensure this object.

TREATMENT OF THE DANISH DEAD BY THE PRUSSIANS.—A bustle in the crowd attracted me to the landing-place on our side, where a melancholy sight awaited me. A boat with the Prussian flag had rowed across, bearing thirty-six bodies of Danish officers killed in the affair of the 18th, which the enemy gave up to their comrades for funeral honours. The bare carcasses were almost all that was sent back of those gloriously-fallen warriors. Not only were their pockets turned inside out, but the buttons of their coats, which were deemed to be silver, but were only German silver (possibly current as silver among Germans), had been torn or cut off, and all the corpses had been robbed of their boots. Several of the bodies had been stripped of all clothing, others had their garments hanging about in ribbons, the stiffness of the lifeless limbs having evidently baffled the efforts of the spoiler, who had tugged at them to take them off. Two of the corpses had their fingers cut off, of course for the sake of their rings.—Times Correspondent in the Danish Camp.

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA AND HIS STAFF.

SOME particulars of the life of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia have already appeared in our pages (see ILLUSTRATED TIMES for Feb. 13, page 104). His Royal Highness has continued at the head of his division of the Prussian army, and has had the immediate direction of the operations against Düppel. He has in consequence held a foremost place in the honours bestowed upon the captors of the Danish stronghold. In a telegram sent by the King in acknowledgment of the report of the success which had been achieved, his Majesty made special mention of the Prince; and when, last week, his Majesty paid a visit to the army in Schleswig and reviewed the troops engaged in the assault on Düppel, the King embraced his Royal Highness, kissing him on both cheeks, in presence of the assembled army. On this occasion Prince Frederick



PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA AND HIS STAFF.

Charles was dressed in his usual Hussar uniform, and rode a magnificent white charger. His Royal Highness is now certainly one of the most popular men in Prussia.

FREDERICK FERDINAND BARON VON BEUST.

THIS distinguished statesman, whose name has been so prominently conspicuous in the discussions relating to the affairs of Schleswig-Holstein, was born in Dresden, on the 13th of January, 1809. His early education was conducted under the superintendence of his mother, a lady of high talent and a member of the Carlowitz family. After passing through a course of study at the Dresden Kreuz-College, he entered the University of Göttingen, where he studied history and political economy under Eichhorn, Herren, and Sartorius. Having successfully passed his juridical examination in Leipzig, he received, in 1832, an official appointment under the Saxon Government. In 1836 he proceeded to Berlin, in quality of Secretary to the Saxon Legation at the Prussian Court, and two years afterwards he obtained a similar appointment in Paris. In 1844 he was Chargé-d'Affaires from Saxony to Munich, and in that capacity he concluded the treaty for the settlement of the Saxon and Bavarian Zollverein. In 1848 Baron von Beust came to London, in quality of resident Saxon Minister; but he was suddenly recalled, in consequence of expected Ministerial changes in Dresden. But such was the rapid course of political events that before he reached Dresden a new Ministry was formed and the post destined for von Beust was filled by another. He was then appointed Ambassador to Berlin, which post he held until 1849. In February of that year he was again recalled to Dresden to fill the twofold office of Minister for Foreign Affairs and for the Home Department.

In the last-mentioned branch of his Ministerial functions Baron von Beust had many difficulties to contend with during the reactionary interval which succeeded the troubles of 1848. It is, however, now generally

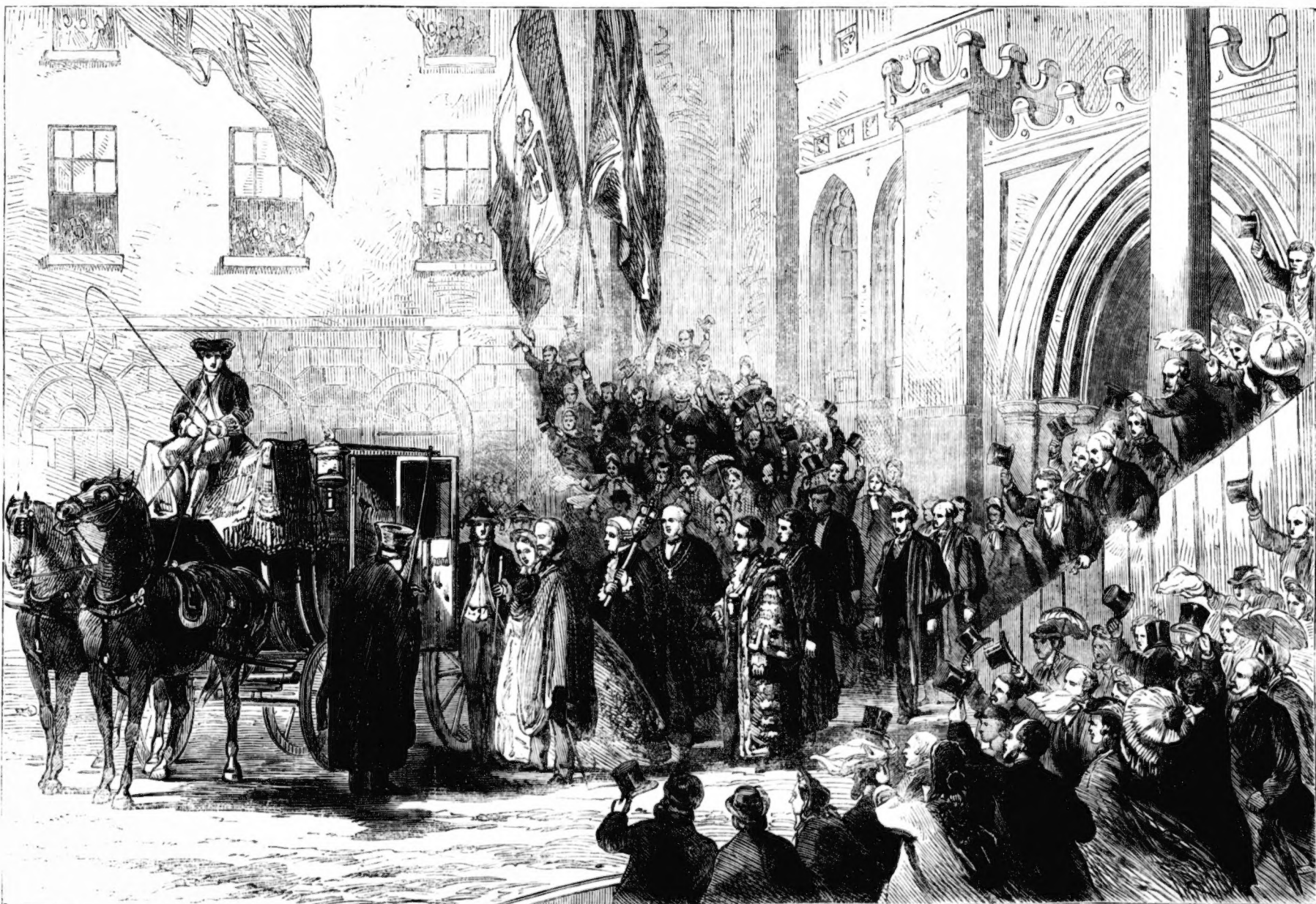


BARON VON BEUST, PRIME MINISTER OF SAXONY, AND REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GERMANIC DIET AT THE LONDON CONFERENCE.

admitted that the Saxon people were not so imbued with revolutionary ideas as to render necessary the severe measures of repression then put in force. Be that as it may, the Baron's foreign policy during the Crimean War elicited a high degree of approval, at least from his own countrymen. Saxony then joined in the neutrality of Prussia, but at the same time maintained such a footing of independence as enabled her Ambassador, von Seebach, to mediate between Paris and St. Petersburg in a manner which contributed to the re-establishment of peace.

Though Baron von Beust was always admitted to be a man of considerable ability, yet within the last few years even his political opponents have recognised in him the qualities of the genuine statesman, who discerns and promptly seizes the right moment for effecting a measure of importance. During the Italian complications he strove to secure the support of the German Bund for Austria; and the failure of his efforts on that occasion doubtless made him the more ready to enter again on the German question when the opportunity offered. In November, 1861, he proposed to the German Governments a plan for a Constitution, which, though not all that was required, nevertheless offered the first acknowledgment that the Diet of the Bund was insufficient to ensure either internal freedom and order or external justice and respect. Baron Beust now occupies the most prominent place in the councils of his own Sovereign. He is Prime Minister, and at the same time takes charge of the Department of Foreign Affairs. He is now in London as the representative of the German Diet in the Conference on the Dano-German question.

It is scarcely necessary to mention that the present policy of Baron von Beust on the Schleswig-Holstein question meets with general approval in Germany. The "stand point" he has taken in reference to German affairs, and the energy with which he defends that stand point, have, in the opinion of his countrymen, raised him to the highest rank of statesmanship.



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL GARIBALDI FROM GUILDHALL.—SEE PAGE 279.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 233.

GARIBALDI AT THE HOUSE.

Will Garibaldi come? This was the question which was uppermost in the minds of members, officials, and strangers on Thursday afternoon last week. For, though rumour declared that he would come, and had fixed the hour, strange to say, nothing certain was known by the officials. Mr. Seely had promised to write a letter to the Sergeant-at-Arms to inform him when the General would come; but no letter had arrived, and at four o'clock it was not known positively whether he would make his appearance. The public out of doors, though, had heard the rumour of his coming, and believed it, for a crowd had assembled in Palace-yard; and when Mr. Speaker entered the house so full was the lobby that it was only with difficulty that the police could keep for him a clear passage. Thus matters stood at four o'clock, and thus they stood at a quarter-past four. The house was full of members, the lobby was crammed with strangers, but still no official intimation had been received that Garibaldi was really coming. At 4h. 20m., however, or thereabouts, Lord Shaftesbury arrived, and he at once resolved our doubts. "Is the General coming, my Lord?" said one of the officials. "Yes," was his Lordship's reply; "he will be here at half-past four." And soon the news spread inside the house and outside, and straightway we were all anxious to see the illustrious chief.

HOW HE WAS TO BE RECEIVED.

But, though no official notice had been sent to the house, conferences had been held between Mr. Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms to determine how the General was to be received; and this was the result. He was to be received simply as a stranger, without any ceremony or notice whatever. And, for the satisfaction of those zealous and enthusiastic friends of Garibaldi who may think that there ought to have been some ceremony—some demonstration—we may observe that this arrangement was strictly in accordance with custom and usage. No stranger, except he be a member of the Royal family, is ever recognised at the house as anything more than a mere stranger. Members of the Royal family, when their coming is known beforehand, are met by the Sergeant-at-Arms in the inner lobby, but even there they are only received with a formal bow from the Sergeant; he does not conduct the illustrious strangers to their places, but leaves that to be done by the inferior officers.

AND WHERE PLACED.

It was ordered that Garibaldi's place should be the gallery set apart for ambassadors and foreigners of distinction. The reason why this place was selected, instead of the peers' benches, was this: It was feared that some of Garibaldi's friends in the house might be disposed to make some demonstration by cheering or rising from their seats on his entrance; and it was thought that the General would attract less attention in the gallery above than he would in the peers' benches below. "And why should not the members have cheered or risen to greet the General?—what harm could come of it?" we think we hear some of our readers say. To whom we answer, that such a demonstration would have been disorderly, and might have led to unpleasant consequences. The presence of strangers in the house is only tolerated, or winked at, as we may say. There still exists a standing order which forbids the presence of strangers; and, though this order is allowed to sleep, it is competent for any member to wake it up and put it in force. He has only to rise, and say—"Mr. Speaker, I notice that there are strangers in the house," and forthwith Mr. Speaker, without putting the question or allowing debate, must issue his order that strangers must withdraw, and every soul of them, not only the vulgar crowd, but peers, ambassadors, and reporters, must straightway budge. Our readers will therefore see that to recognise the presence of a stranger, however illustrious, would be disorderly. But, further, if there had been a demonstration there would have been certainly also a row, for he remembered that all the members of Parliament are not Garibaldians. The Irish Roman Catholics, to wit, can hardly be expected to look with favour upon the man who once dethroned the Pope and threatens to do so again. Neither can we all agree that the old Tory country gentlemen are very fond of this disturber of the constituted order of things. In short, it cannot be doubted—indeed, it was well known—that if there had been a demonstration some one—we think we could name the man—would have risen promptly, and noticed that strangers were in the House, and in that case Garibaldi and all his suite must, as soon as they had got in, have turned round and evacuated their seats. It was not, therefore, without a show of wisdom that it was ordered that Garibaldi should take his place aloft, in the Ambassadors' Gallery, and not on the peers' seats below. This order was, however, recalled; and this was the reason why. "Where is Garibaldi to go?" said Lord Shaftesbury to one of the officials. "Up stairs, in the Ambassadors' Gallery," was the reply. "Up stairs!" said a member standing by (Mr. Gore Langton, we believe); "why he is lame, and it would be a pity to make him mount that long staircase." And thereupon the said member went to the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Sergeant-at-Arms went to the Speaker, and, after due shaking of wigs, the first order was recalled and it was resolved instead that the General should, after all, go into the peers' seats, and that only his sons and their friends should mount aloft.

HE ENTERS THE HOUSE.

But why does he not come? It was to be half-past four prompt, Lord Shaftesbury said. It is now nearly five, and he is not here. But about this time there was a stir in the crowd; cries of "Make way! Make way!" were heard, and we thought then that he was certainly coming. It was not, however, the General, but his sons and their friends. They, by arrangement made beforehand, were passed into the Ambassadors' Gallery up stairs, and again we were all expectation for the great hero. We had still thought to wait a weary half hour more. It had been settled that the General was to be at the house at half-past four; it was, however, nearly half-past five when he arrived. He came up the members' private staircase, accompanied by Mr. Seely and Colonel Chambers. There was no cheering as he stepped into the lobby; for it had been whispered about by the police and others that cheering is not permitted so near the sacred precincts of the house. Some one, as the General approached, cried "Hats off!" and immediately all were uncovered; and this was the only demonstration that was made. Lord Shaftesbury and Mr. Gore Langton, of Bristol, met the General as he stepped into the lobby and accompanied him to the door of the house, and thence he was conducted by the doorkeeper to his place. The house was very full when Garibaldi arrived, and Mr. Hunt, the member for Northampton, was on his legs, discouraging upon the Lisburn business. As the General emerged through the doorway there arose a buzz and murmur, and suddenly every eye was turned to the illustrious chief. It was a critical time. Will they cheer or not cheer? If a cheer should burst forth or any considerable number of them should rise, we shall have a scene. Mr. Speaker was alive to the crisis, and equal to the occasion. "Order, order, order!" he cried, in his most sonorous tones; and if any disposition was felt to cheer it was at once suppressed. The General took his seat without greeting or demonstration other than the eager gaze of twice 300 eyes. Mr. Hunt went calmly on with his speech, without pause or break in its continuity, as if nothing had happened; and the dignity of the House, which was at one time thought to be in danger, was preserved. We, however, never thought for a moment that anything disorderly would occur. The House of Commons is an ancient assembly, has been drilled into order by centuries of custom and usage, and we should as soon expect to see a regiment of Guards break from its ranks when on parade into open mutiny as the House of Commons noticing the presence of a stranger by noisy demonstrations. Garibaldi stopped in the house about ten minutes, not more, and then rose and left as quietly as he had entered; but in the inner lobby some score or two of members had got together to greet him, and there all involuntarily took off their hats as he passed out of the house.

IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

From the Commons the General went straight away to the House of Peers. The corridors, some 200 yards in length,

were lined with spectators; but here, again, there was no cheering. The people all took off their hats and bowed as he passed, and this was all the demonstration which was made there. We have heard that the General was much struck and pleased by this silent, respectful reception. In the Upper House Garibaldi was received with somewhat more formality—or, perhaps, we ought to say, more cordially—than he was in the House of Commons. In the Lower House he was treated as a mere stranger. The Sergeant-at-Arms did not stir from his place, and the subaltern officials had no instructions to pay him special attention; but when he arrived at the Upper House, Sir Augustus Clifford, the Usher of the Black Rod, came down from his seat to receive the General, conducted him to the place of honour in front of the throne, and stood by his side to explain the arrangements of the House. But this is not the first time that we have learned that they do things in a much more free-and-easy style in the Lords than we do in the Commons. The fact is, the Usher of the Black Rod is a sort of King there. He has no Speaker over him; in short, has no master at all, but reigns supreme, no one attempting to control or influence him. But, besides this, Sir Augustus Clifford is notably a very kind and courteous gentleman, and not being fettered by rigid rules and orders, as the House of Commons' officials are, and not having the fear of a jealous democracy before his eyes, he always receives notable strangers, whoever they may be, whether exiled Sovereigns, or banished patriots, or eminent writers, with the utmost kindness and courtesy. Indeed, all who come in contact with Sir Augustus are sure of kindness; and here let it be remembered that when Sir Augustus Clifford goes out of his way to pay courteous attention to an illustrious stranger he is not supposed to commit the House. It is merely one gentleman showing courtesy to another, such is the Usher of the Black Rod's free-and-easy position. But in the House of Commons, if the Sergeant-at-Arms were to leave his chair to greet formally an illustrious stranger, the act of courtesy would be considered as an act of the House. Such is the difference between the practice and usage of the two Chambers.

A TRAP ESCAPED.

And now, having disposed of Garibaldi's visit, we find, such has been the dulness of our proceedings in the House of Commons during the past week, that we have little more to say. "Blessed is the nation," says some one, "whose annals are dull." But to the historian of a nation this dulness is hardly a blessing, for if the annals be dull his book must be dull. On the day on which Garibaldi came, but after he had gone, there was a passage of arms between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Sheridan on the insurance question, which excited some interest, but in which we find nothing to describe. Gladstone got the victory on a division, if he did not beat his pertinacious antagonist in argument. But for this victory he was very much indebted to the tactics of the Conservative leader. Mr. Gladstone's proposition is that the duty on the insurance of stock in trade be reduced from 3s. to 1s. 6d. Mr. Sheridan proposed as an amendment that the best way of carrying out the resolution of the House passed last year would be to reduce the duty on all insurances to 1s. per cent. Mr. Disraeli said that if this amendment were carried he should move, by way of amendment when the substantive motion should be put, that the words 1s. per cent be left out. This amendment, if carried, would have pledged the House to a reduction of the duty on all insurances, leaving the House to determine what the amount of the reduction should be. This was a cleverly-constructed trap for the Liberal party, for, if Mr. Sheridan's amendment had been carried, unquestionably Disraeli would have carried his, and thus the Conservative chief would have got the credit of having defeated the Government. "But in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." Many of the Liberals who had always voted with Mr. Sheridan saw the snare, and promptly turned round, went into the lobby with Government, and defeated Mr. Sheridan's amendment. No, no, thou wily chief; we want reduction on all insurances, but we must not let you get the credit of carrying it.

A DULL DEBATE.

On Friday night Mr. Liddell brought forward his long-promised motion on China. It ran in this form:—"That, in the opinion of this House, further interference on the part of this country in the civil war in China is impolitic and unnecessary;" and we are told that Mr. Liddell made a capital speech and did his work well—all which we can well believe; for Mr. Liddell is intelligent, industrious, and speaks well. But we could not stop to listen to that speech. Forgive us, readers, if we neglected our duty; and, to influence you to mercy, let us inform you that Mr. Liddell began his speech just when hunger most imperiously asserts its claims; and is it not too great a sacrifice to expect from us that we should give up our dinner to listen to a dreary harangue, full of extracts from bluebooks, diplomatic correspondence and the like, with long disquisitions upon the Taepings and their questionable doings—we, tortured with hunger and tantalised by the thought that the dinner is prepared and spoiling the while? And, further, we plead example. We did no more than others; for no sooner had Mr. Liddell fairly got under way than the members began to depart, and in a short time the poor man had to deliver that speech, which doubtless he has had on the anvil for months, and which, only after infinite care and labour, he had got hammered into shape, to a very thin House indeed. If, therefore, we sinned, we sinned not alone; indeed, we have been told that before the speech closed there were not fifty members in the house.

MR. FERRAND COUNTED OUT.

Whether Mr. Liddell were really thus deserted we cannot say, but when we returned to the house there were not fifty, nor twenty. We could, after twice counting, only find fourteen. Mr. Ferrand was then on his legs, and was gesticulating and roaring, after his manner, as though he were addressing, instead of fourteen drowsy members, some four or five thousand free and independent electors from the Devonport hustings. On the Treasury bench there was but one man—to wit, the noble Premier; and he, notwithstanding the stentorian eloquence of the burly Yorkshireman, which almost made the windows rattle, was obviously in the land of dreams. On the front Opposition bench there was not a soul; in fact, as we have said, in this chamber, which will hold some 600 men, there were now only fourteen. Nor is this wonderful when we come to think of it, for can anything be imagined more unattractive than a speech from Mr. Ferrand on the Chinese civil war? Well, it soon became obvious that this would not be suffered to continue. If the House felt so little interest in this subject it ought to be dismissed. "Let us count him out," said one, and at once it was resolved by a few members outside that this should be done. "But who shall bell the cat?" Ay, that's the question, for, you see, it is not a pleasant thing to do, it seems so like a personal attack upon the gentleman in possession of the House. But Mr. Ferrand is not a special favourite; and at last a man was found to do the deed; and, whilst Mr. Ferrand was going on full swing, suddenly, at the instance of the gentleman who had undertaken the task of whispering into the Speaker's ear that there were not forty members present, Mr. Speaker rose and sung out "Strangers must withdraw!" Whereupon the flow of Mr. Ferrand's oratory was suddenly stopped: he dropped into his seat, and the bells were set ringing to announce to outsiders that a count was on. And now was the critical time. Will the count succeed or not? Two minutes must elapse before the Speaker can begin to count. Meanwhile, all outside who wish to preserve the House rush in. If the requisite forty can be made up the count is a failure; but if one be missing from the tale the House is adjourned. The Government on this occasion wished—or were obliged to seem to wish—that the House should be preserved; and when the bell rang all the Ministers of the Crown who were in the dining-room dropped their knives and forks and rushed to the rescue. There were sundry others also who came up; but, though Mr. Speaker, with commendable impartiality, counted slowly and looked into every corner of the house, he could, when all were told, make only thirty-five; and so the House was adjourned. A merry laugh broke forth in the lobby when the fact became known. Mr. Ferrand, of course, was in anything but a laughing mood; for he, too, had prepared a long speech, which he thought might tell at Devonport, if nowhere else.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, APRIL 22.
HOUSE OF LORDS.

COMMUTATION OF SENTENCE OF DEATH.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH brought in a bill to change the present mode of carrying out the Royal prerogative in commuting the sentences of persons condemned to death. He sought to relieve the Home Secretary of the duty now imposed upon him, and to have it discharged by a number of judges and privy councillors in the presence of the Sovereign.

METROPOLITAN RAILWAYS.

The Earl of DERBY moved that it be an instruction to all Committees on Metropolitan Railway Bills to insert provisions in such measures securing a cheap train morning and evening for the labouring classes; and after a short discussion the motion was agreed to unanimously.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

On the motion for going into Committee of Supply, Mr. LIDDELL moved, "That, in the opinion of this House, further interference on the part of this country in the civil war in China is impolitic and unnecessary." He entered at great length into an account of the missions of Mr. Ley and Captain Sherard Osborn, and declared Mr. Ley's pretensions were monstrous and absurd. If a summary stop had not been put to his proceedings, England would inevitably have been dragged completely into the difficulties which would have arisen. He pointed out that we had interfered in the Chinese dispute with the Taepings, and contended that by our acts we had given an apparent sanction to deeds of the grossest barbarity perpetrated by the Chinese Government.

Mr. LAYARD said that our relations with China were now of the most amicable kind. He justified the course which had been taken with respect to the Taepings, whom he described as mere pillagers. The policy of the Government was inspired by the desire to avoid all interference in the civil war so long as it did not approach within the thirty-five miles' radius of the treaty ports; and he held that that policy had been successful.

Mr. W. E. FORSTER and Mr. FERRAND condemned the policy of the Government with regard to China. While the latter hon. member was speaking the House was counted out.

MONDAY, APRIL 25.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl Stanhope gave notice, for the 23rd of May, of his intention to bring under their Lordships' notice the report of the Public Schools Commission.

The Warehousing of British Spirits Bill was read a second time. The Consolidated Fund (£15,000,000) Bill was read a third time and passed. Several private bills were also advanced a stage.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE POLICE AND THE GARIBALDI MEETING ON PRIMROSE-HILL.

Mr. H. LEWIS inquired whether the Garibaldian meeting on Primrose-hill, on Saturday last, had been suppressed by the police with the authority of the Home Office.

Sir G. GREY said that neither he nor the commissioners of police gave any special instructions to the police to interfere with the Garibaldi meeting on Primrose-hill on Saturday. Some time ago, in consequence of riots which took place in Hyde Park, all meetings on political or exciting subjects in the parks were prohibited. The inspector of police who broke up the meeting had acted on these general instructions, and not on any special instructions. There was no disorder at the meeting, and it might have been better to allow the proceedings to continue; but he considered the inspector acted up to the spirit of his general instructions in not allowing the meeting to proceed without some special authority.

LAW OF PARTNERSHIP AMENDMENT BILL.

Mr. SCHOLEFIELD moved the second reading of this bill. It was, he said, the same bill as that which passed through that House last year, but reached the House of Lords too late to become law.

Mr. HUBBARD moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. The measure struck at the primary maxim of commercial legislation, that with unlimited profits there ought to be unlimited responsibility. After some discussion, Mr. Hubbard's amendment was negatived without a division, and the bill was read a second time.

THE IRISH COURT OF CHANCERY.

Mr. O'Hagan obtained leave to bring in a bill to alter the constitution and amend the practice and course of proceeding in the High Court of Chancery in Ireland.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE TUSCALOOSA.

Lord CHELMSFORD called attention to the conduct of the Government in respect to the Tuscaloosa. He contended that that conduct had been most improper and undignified.

Earl RUSSELL vindicated the Government, and read the Opposition a lesson on the silence which they maintained when evidence of complete justice done by Federal authorities was adduced.

Lord KINGSDOWN argued that the seizure of the Tuscaloosa had been wholly illegal.

The Lord CHANCELLOR admitted that the course taken was unprecedented, and, as the law officers had said, the case deserved serious consideration—a phrase which had, unfortunately, not been exactly interpreted by the Duke of Newcastle in his despatch. Subsequently, he said a modification of the instructions in the Duke of Newcastle's despatches was under consideration, and, when settled, would be sent out to our Governors and Admirals abroad.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. A. MILLS having called attention to the war in New Zealand, and moved for correspondence between the Governor and the Colonial Office relating to the policy of confiscation which had been adopted by the New Zealand Legislature.

Mr. CARDWELL said the origin of the present war was a conspiracy on the part of a number of the chiefs, who hoped to expel the whites from the colony. He granted that the contest was a costly one; but he confidently anticipated that by this time it had terminated, and that the next mail would bring intelligence to that effect. If a permanent pacification was to follow, Governor Sir G. Grey considered that no better plan could be devised for that purpose than the location of large bodies of English settlers in various parts of the colony upon land taken from the tribes which had been in insurrection, and that policy had been embodied in certain colonial acts that had been referred to. He did not think that these measures ought to be left to their own unfettered operation, inasmuch as the Act of Confiscation applied not only to disloyal but loyal natives, and even to Europeans. There were serious objections, however, to the Crown disavowing them, because Parliament had forced upon the colonists the duty of governing the native population. But whilst he deemed it impolitic to disallow the Act under the circumstances, instructions had been sent out to Sir G. Grey to limit and restrain its action, which he trusted would result in the restoration of peace and the permanent settlement of the colony. The hon. gentleman then explained what were the views of Government for the restoration of peace and permanent order in the colony. The motion for papers was agreed to.

HARBOURS OF REFUGE.

Mr. LINDSAY moved a resolution to the effect that the recommendations of the commissioners as to the construction of harbours of refuge ought to be carried out.

Sir S. NORTHCOTE moved an amendment to the effect that the cost, either wholly or in part, of the construction of the harbours should be defrayed by tolls upon shipping.

Mr. M. GIBSON opposed both the amendment and the original motion, and on a division the amendment was lost by 39 votes to 191, and the original motion was also lost by 84 votes to 142.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 27.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

CHURCH RATES COMMUTATION BILL.

Mr. NEWDEGATE moved the second reading of this bill. His object was to have the measure referred to a Select Committee. He proposed that the charge should be acknowledged, and its estimated average—twopence in the pound—should be declared a charge binding on property, and which an occupier might deduct from the rent.

Sir C. DOUGLAS moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. The bill would satisfy nobody.

After some discussion, the second reading of the bill was negatived by 160 votes to 60.

BANK NOTES (SCOTLAND) BILL.

Sir J. HAY moved the second reading of the Bank Notes (Scotland) Bill, the object of which was to afford increased banking accommodation by authorising newly-established banks in Scotland to issue notes against gold. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER opposed the motion; and, after some discussion, Sir J. Hay withdrew the bill.

SEAT OF THE UNDER-SECRETARY OF STATE.

The Select Committee appointed to inquire whether the Marquis of Hartington had vacated his seat by accepting the office of Under-Secretary of State reported that he had not.

THURSDAY, APRIL 28.
HOUSE OF LORDS.
INDIA.
In answer to the Earl of Ellenborough, Lord WODEHOUSE said that no official information had been received from India in reference to the orders given as respects the disposal of the dead. But Sir Charles Wood had received a private note, from which it appeared that an order had been given, with the sanction of the Governor-General, to discontinue throwing the dead bodies into the Ganges. Arrangements had been made to burn the bodies of those whose friends were too poor to do so themselves, at the public expense. This would be a great sanitary improvement.
THE REGIUS PROFESSORSHIP OF GREEK (OXFORD) BILL.
The LORD CHANCELLOR moved the second reading of this bill, which, after some discussion, was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.
WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.
In reply to Mr. Locke, Mr. MILNER GIBSON said that a communication had been received from the Astronomer Royal in reference to the adjustment and re-verification of the Exchequer standard of weights and measures, and a report had also been received from the Committee appointed to consider the subject. The whole subject was under consideration. No instructions had been made for re-verifying the standards. He did not see any necessity for altering the law as regards tradesmen for deviations in their weights and measures.
AMERICAN AFFAIRS.
Mr. HOPWOOD inquired whether the Government would be willing to propose a conference on American affairs?
Sir G. GREY answered in the negative.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
In answer to Mr. Heygate, Mr. W. COWPER said the Government had determined to propose a vote for a National Gallery at the rear of Burlington House.
THE TUSCULOOSA.
Mr. PEACOCKE moved "That the instructions contained in the despatch of the Duke of Newcastle to Sir P. Wodehouse, dated the 4th day of November, 1863, and which remain still unrevoked, are at variance with the principles of international law."
The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, in resisting the motion, said that there was no doubt but that she was a prize of war, and that her supposed conversion into a Confederate cruiser was a mere plan and pretence.
Mr. WHITESIDE contended that we had shamefully violated our alleged neutrality, and that we had no right whatever to detain the Tusculosa.

After a lengthened debate, which was chiefly confined to members of the legal profession, the House divided on Mr. Peacock's motion, which was defeated by a majority, the numbers being 219 to 185.
The House then went into Committee of Supply, and soon afterwards adjourned.
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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1864.

THE PROCESSIONS.

THE metropolis has at length cooled down after the somewhat unusual excitement of two almost concurrent popular demonstrations. Both have been only saved from derision by the grandeur of the personages in whose honour they were respectively attempted. The element which so nearly brought both events to shame has been at least fairly shown to a non-admiring public. We have seen in person the very men who seize alike upon the occasion of the advent of an heroic patriot and the three-hundredth anniversary of a poet's birth for tawdry display of themselves, with accessories of banners, fancy dresses, tinsel, and trumpery selected in utter recklessness of all canons of taste and propriety.

The public had been led—industriously led—to believe that the working men of London were themselves the true and spontaneous originators of the processions in honour of Garibaldi and of Shakspeare. But, as these processions passed, it was easy to see how little the true working men were concerned with either, save as spectators. These the working men of England, forsooth! These wretched creatures, bedizened with orders of tin and pewter, with pocket-handkerchiefs for aprons, with penny paper feathers, and with sham noses, are of quite a different genus to the working men we are accustomed to meet in common daily life. Is a house in building or repair? There you may see straight-limbed, muscular, intelligent-looking fellows—plasterers, bricklayers, or carpenters. Enter even the hot printing-office, beneath the roof of which huge iron rollers are straining and toiling far through the night; and the men, from the compositor to the stoker, are not compatriots of whom a Briton need be ashamed. Where were the sturdy smiths, the active masons, or any other of the genuine representatives of the English artisans in the irregular rout which, tricked out in worthless gauds and ludicrous disguises, promenaded our streets on the 11th and the 23rd of this present month of our civilisation? The aspect of at least a majority of the processionists was that of poor creatures from East-end garrets, loafers at houses of call, tap-room frequenters, frozen out gardeners, and men long habitually and deservedly "out of work." What had they to do with Garibaldi? They answered the question practically enough in their own way, by marching on and leaving him to be detained for three quarters of an hour after they had passed along the line of route. And what had they to do with Shakspeare? They were told in the placard which convened them, that Shakspeare had been a man of their own order. They must have known this to be untrue, had they known anything of the matter. The gentle poet was the son of a woolstapler, a glover, a butcher, or a freeholder; but certainly the offspring of a trader or man of property. There is not the slightest pretence for supposing that Shakspeare ever did a day's work as a handicraftsman in all his life.

But, after all, these two "demonstrations" were not only instructive, but practically useful. The working men could see the kind of fellows to whose level it is sought to degrade their entire order by union regulations, by limitations of the prizes which ought to be the rewards of superior industry, skill, and assiduity. That "Forester," in the wildest costume ever devised by the fancy of a cheap masquerade-warehouseman, is by no means the "harmless idiot" which the leading journal

thinks it fitting to designate him. It is by him, and by others of his kind—his equals in vanity, shortsightedness, and inutility—that the honest labourer is forced into unionism to obtain the privilege even of toil, and is compelled to submit to regulations against which his soul rebels, but with which he is forced to comply under pain of exclusion from his class and from labour itself. The absence from the ranks of the Shakspeare procession of thousands of artisans who attended only as lookers-on was a significant fact. It proved indubitably that the great body of English working men, however fettered by union rules, nevertheless preserve sufficient independence and good sense to refuse the behests of their leaders to assist in carrying out a crowning act of impertinence and folly.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.
SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, it is said, is about to be raised to the Peerage.
THE KING OF ITALY has lately had slight symptoms of an apoplectic attack.
A MARRIAGE is arranged between Lord Frederick Cavendish, second son of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Hon. Lucy Lyttelton, Maid of Honour to the Queen, and second daughter of Lord Lyttelton.
MR. AUSTIN BRUCE, the new junior Lord of the Admiralty, has been re-elected for Merthyr-Tydvil without opposition.
THE SUM of £13,000 has been collected for the relief of the sufferers by the Sheffield catastrophe.
MR. HUGHES, author of "Tom Brown's School-days," &c., has been invited by a number of the electors of Finsbury to stand for that borough on Liberal principles. Alderman Lusk has issued his address, and is therefore regularly in the field.
FOUR TONS of SALMON were recently caught near Limerick, at Mr. Malcolmson's lax weir, at a single draw.
THE ICE-CROP gathered in America last winter is said to be the largest ever stored.
CARDINAL WISEMAN suggests that the railway arch over Ludgate-hill should be decorated with sculptural representations of the funerals of Nelson and Wellington.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHOTE, it is rumoured, will oppose Mr. Gladstone at the next election for the University of Oxford.
ISMAIL PACHA has declined to be examined by the commission sent out to Egypt by the Government in re the Mersey rams.
THE LATE F. R. MAGENIS, Esq., of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, has left the National Life-boat Institution a legacy of £1000.
THE DISTURBANCES in Algeria, although it is hoped they will not be serious, have been thought a sufficient reason for reinforcing the French army there.
THE SWISS MINISTER in Paris has received fresh instructions to open negotiations with the French Government relative to a treaty of commerce between France and Switzerland.
THE ALEXANDRIA was formally delivered up to the owners, Messrs. Sillem and Company, on Monday.
THE NEW CAVALRY BARRACKS at Colchester are now nearly ready for the reception of troops, and it is stated that they will be occupied the first week in May by a detachment of the 12th Lancers.

IN A LATE BATTLE, it is said, the Circassians lost 2000 men, and the Russians 1800. The Circassians are taking refuge in Turkey, with the consent of the Sultan, who has sent vessels to convey them to Sinope and Varna.
THE YANKEE NEGRO RECRUITS are not so popular as formerly. There is a new name for the darkeys. They were called unbleached Americans. Now the white soldiers style them "Smoked Yankees."
THE LOSSES of the marine insurance companies in the State of Massachusetts, in the United States, amounted last year to 5,416,895 dollars, of which more than a million of dollars are due to war risks.
THE BOARD of TRADE INQUIRY into the loss of the steam-ship Bohemia off the coast of Maine has resulted in a suspension of the certificate of Captain Borland for twelve months.
MR. W. F. WINDHAM, late of Fellbrig House, Norfolk, has been adjudicated a bankrupt. Mrs. Windham was delivered of a son a few days ago.
ONLY TWELVE PERSONS are now living in the United States who took the American side in the first great revolution there. Of these, one is 105 years old, two are 102, one is 101, one is 100, two are 99, one is 97, and one is 94.
DURING THE PAST NINE YEARS 3409 lives have been saved by the life-boats of the National Institution and those belonging to local bodies, and 2896 by the rocket and mortar apparatus. During the past year (1863) the number saved were 505 by life-boats and 387 by the rocket and mortar apparatus.
THE ITALIAN FRIGATE RE GALANTUOMO, which it was feared had been lost on her passage from America to Europe, has arrived safely at Gibraltar and proceeded to Naples.
THE KENT HOP PLANTATIONS are beginning to assume signs of life and activity. Accounts from the several districts relative to the appearance of the plant represent the young shoots as being healthy and strong, although less forward than at this time last year, through frosty nights and keen easterly winds. In most gardens the work of polling has already been completed.
THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION'S prize meeting, 1864, will be held on Wimbledon-common. The camp will be ready for occupation on Monday, July 11. The shooting will commence on Tuesday, the 12th, at one o'clock, on which day the targets will be open for matches, pool, sighting, &c. On Wednesday and the following days, the prize-shooting will commence at 9.30.
ON SUNDAY, the Italian artists engaged at Windsor in inlaying the roof of Cardinal Wolsey's chapel with glass mosaics visited Garibaldi at Cliefden. The General had seen them on the previous day at Windsor, and personally invited them to call upon him. One of them, it appears, served as a soldier under Garibaldi during the campaign which did so much for Italian unity.
OF THE PRESENT BISHOPS Lord Palmerston has had the nomination of thirteen (including Peterborough, which will be filled in a day or two)—namely, Canterbury, York, London, Durham, Carlisle, Ely, Gloucester and Bristol, Norwich, Peterborough, Ripon, Rochester, and Worcester. Such a circumstance, or anything like it, of one Minister nominating nearly half the English episcopate, was never before known in the Church of England.
THE FRENCH PAPERS are not without Garibaldi *bon mots*. The latest, we see, is attributed to an English duchess, who wished to have Garibaldi at her ball, who replied to the invitation personally:—"Your Grace, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to dance, but I cannot on account of my poor wounded foot." "Very well," replied the English lady, "don't let that disturb you; I will dance it on my knee!" This is considered quite à la British enthusiasm.

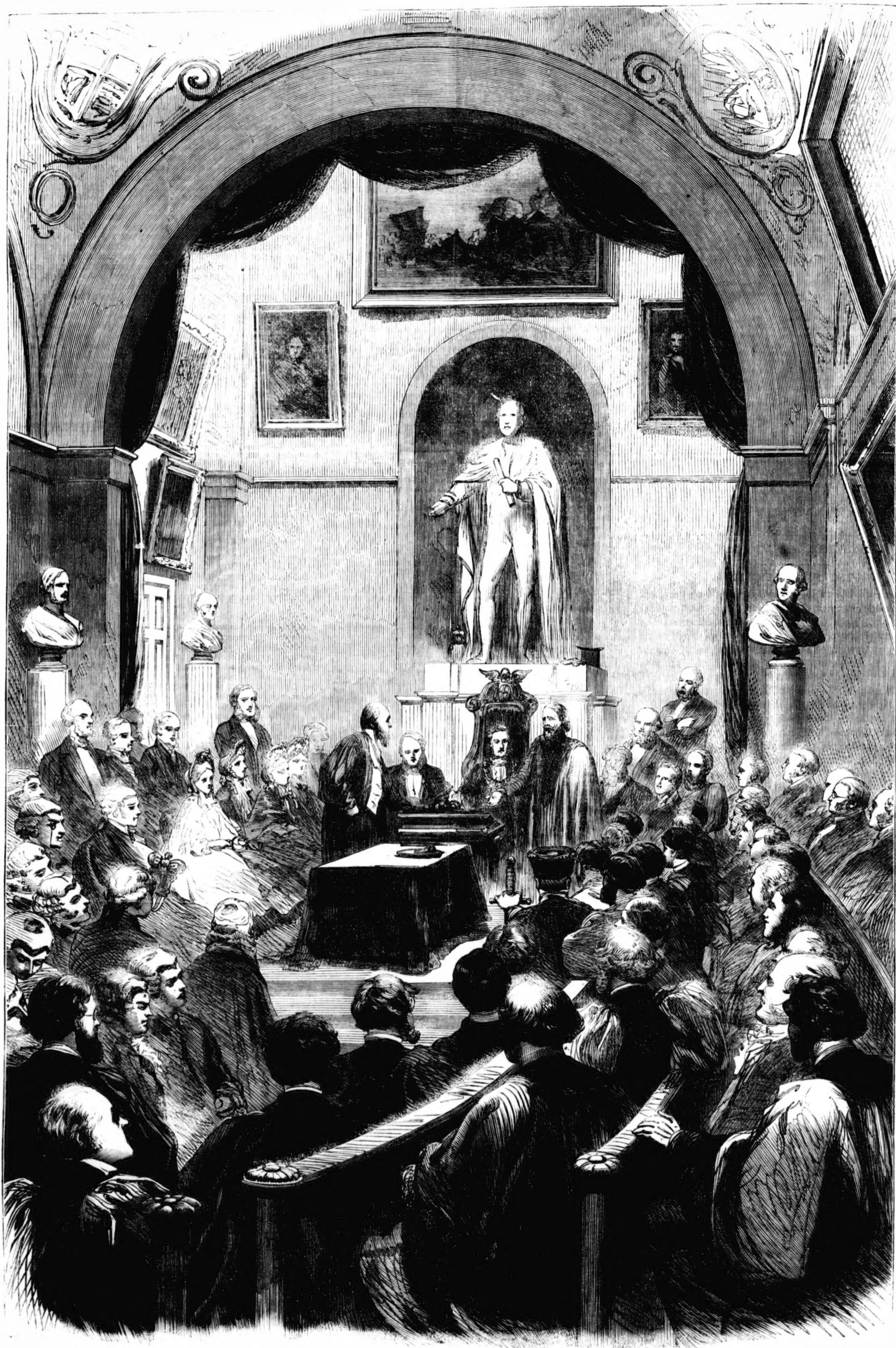
THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND SHAKSPEARE.—Not content with prohibiting the Parisians from paying homage to Shakspeare, with whom, perhaps, they thought Frenchmen had no concern, the Government have, to the astonishment of every one, prohibited the banquet by which the English and American residents had arranged to celebrate the tercentenary of Shakspeare's birth. The prohibition was announced in a most uncourteous manner; no reason whatever was assigned, nor any apology made. A "black" man was sent to the Grand Hotel and delivered a verbal injunction that the dinner must not take place, and an equal unceremonious communication made to the secretary of the meeting. M. Jules Janin, in the *Débat*, slyly says that the interdiction of the banquet was the best thing that could have happened to it; and he likens the catastrophe to that of Caleb Balderston, the cook, in Walter Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," who, having in fact a very miserable dinner for his master, availed himself of the accident of some soot falling down the kitchen chimney to swear that a sumptuous repast of three courses had been spoiled.
CUTTING UP A ROMAN ROAD.—During the past fortnight one of the main sewers of the Malton drainage-works has been laid along the line of street occupying the site of the ancient road from Derwent (Malton) to Isurium (Aldborough) and Dunum Sinus (Dunsley, near Whitby). Upwards of a year ago traces of this road were found about 5 ft. deep; but the road has now been traced, gradually ascending to the present surface, all the way up Newbegin, the street leading out of Malton to the north. The road for most of the way was about 2 ft. below the present street, and was covered with cast earth, rubbish, ashes, and stones bearing strong marks of fire, and it is conjectured, formed the refuse of the place after the town was burnt by Archbishop Thurston, in the middle of the twelfth century. The Roman road was paved with large blocks of limestone, run together with a sort of cement, the whole being as hard as concrete, and gave considerable resistance to the picks of the workmen. The formation of side drains revealed the curious fact that the road was lowest in the middle, as if to form a waterway. Below the Roman road, and between it and the natural rock, there was a deposit of peaty, unctuous earth, from 3 ft. to 4 ft. thick, which abounded with the blackened mutilated bones of deer and other animals. The only things found in the way of relics were a few pieces of pottery, the handle of a dagger or sword, and a coin too defaced for recognition.

GENERAL GARIBALDI.
GARIBALDI has now taken his leave of England. His last day in London (Friday week) was spent in visits to various distinguished parties. He breakfasted with the American Consul, where several ladies and gentlemen were presented to him; afterwards he drove to the residence of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and then he went to Stafford House, where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who had come up from Sandringham that morning, had an interview with him, and remained for some time. In the afternoon the General drove to Cliefden, the residence of the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland, where he spent the night.
On Saturday, accompanied by the Duchess Dowager of Sutherland and the Duchess of Argyll, the General proceeded by way of Slough to inspect the Royal model farm at Windsor. In the course of his drive he was everywhere enthusiastically received. Upon reaching the farm he was received by Mr. T. B. the bailiff of the Home Farm, who showed the visitors over the Royal dairy. Garibaldi then paid a visit to the Flemish Farm, where Mr. Brebner was in attendance, and showed him among the cattle a young bull which was christened "Garibaldi" some two years ago. Before the visit had concluded a number of farmers and others arrived on the field, and if the illustrious visitor had prolonged his stay for an hour or so more the whole town of Windsor and the adjacent villages would have flocked to the scene. A number of the farmers offered to present General Garibaldi with a steam-plough as a token of their recognition of his great merits. This offer was made through Mr. Stevens; but the General naively remarked, while thanking his warm-hearted admirers, that his farm only consisted of about twenty-five acres, and that the rest of the island of Capra was nothing better than barren rock and unproductive mountain, so that a steam-plough, much as he admired its operations, would be of little or no value to himself.
On Monday morning Garibaldi left Cliefden Park, and after paying a brief visit to Eton College took the train at Slough. Everywhere along the line he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. At Didcot, Bath, and Bristol addresses were presented to him. About half-past five o'clock he arrived at Weymouth, went on board the Edgar, Admiral Dares' flag-ship, and inspected the fleet in Portland Roads. After a stay of a couple of hours he landed again, took train, and proceeded to Plymouth, and was the guest for the night of Colonel Peard (Garibaldi's Englishman) at Penquite House. On Wednesday he embarked on board the Duke of Sutherland's yacht Ondine in Fowey harbour. The yacht, however, had to put into Falmouth, where she remained till Thursday, and then sailed for Capra.

Before leaving London, the General issued the following farewell address to the English nation:—
I offer my heartfelt gratitude and thanks to the English nation and their Government for the reception I have met with in this free land. I came here with the primitive object of thanking them for their sympathy for me and for my country, and this my first object is accomplished. I have desired to be altogether at the disposition of my English friends, and to go to every place where I might be wished to go, but I find that I cannot now fulfil all these engagements of my heart.
If I have caused some trouble and disappointment to many friends, I ask their pardon; but I cannot draw the line between where I could and where I could not go, and therefore, for the present, these are my thanks and my farewell.
Still, I hope, perhaps at no distant time, to return to see my friends in the domestic life of England, and to redeem some of my engagements with the generous people of this country, which, with deep regret, I feel that I cannot now fulfil.
Our illustrations represent the ceremony of presenting the freedom of the City to the General and his departure from the Guildhall on Wednesday week, an account of which appeared in our last Number.

On Saturday evening last, after the conclusion of the Shakspeare ceremonial, an indignation meeting was attempted to be held on Primrose-hill, to protest against the suspected action of the Government in spiriting Garibaldi out of the country; but Mr. Beales, who had been appointed to take the chair, had hardly commenced his speech when Inspector Stokes, at the head of a strong body of police, interfered and stopped the proceedings, in doing which they appear to have used much unnecessary violence. The prohibition occasioned some surprise and a good deal of irritation, and at one time there was some apprehension of a riot; but all ended peaceably, and the members of the committee separated, after passing a resolution to wait upon Sir George Grey, and ask whether this interference was by his orders. A deputation, headed by Mr. Edmond Beales, waited upon Sir George Grey at the Home Office on Wednesday in reference to this affair. Mr. Beales asked for information as to the rules under which public meetings could be held in the open air. Sir G. Grey expressed his regret that the meeting should have been broken up, but said that such meetings could only be held in the parks with the consent of Mr. Cowper. He added that if the police had been guilty of violence towards any person a summons should be taken out against the offender. Mr. Shaen expressed his intention of taking that course. At a meeting of the Working Men's Committee on Wednesday evening, it was resolved to hold another meeting on Primrose-hill this day week, and if interfered with by the police to offer sufficient resistance to compel police action, and so raise the question of the legality of open-air meetings in the parks.

THE CONFERENCE.—The Plenipotentiaries accredited by the several European Powers to the Conference held at London with a view to the restoration of peace in the north of Europe, met on Monday at one o'clock in the room prepared for them at the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, in Downing-street. All the members appointed to the Conference were present. They were as follows:—Austria, Count Apponyi and Privy-Councillor Biegeleben; France, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne; England, Earl Russell and the Earl of Clarendon; Prussia, Count Bernstorff and Privy Councillor Balan, formerly Ambassador at Copenhagen; Russia, Baron Brunnow; Denmark, Baron de Bille, M. Quade (the Minister), and Councillor Krieger; the German Confederation, M. de Beust, Saxon Minister; Sweden, General Count Wachtmeister. Earl Russell was chosen President of the Conference, and it is said that the question of an armistice was at once mooted, but that nothing could be done, as the Prussian and Austrian Envoys were without instructions on that point, and had to refer to their respective Governments. The *Mémorial Diplomatique* and the other Paris papers give the following as the basis for deliberation which Austria, Prussia, and the German Confederation propose to bring forward:—
"Integrity of the Danish monarchy; political and administrative autonomy of the duchies. Maintenance of their union in one single state (*nexus sociatis*). Rendsburg to be made a German federal fortress, as a guarantee of the autonomy and indivisibility of the duchies." The following gentlemen—Mr. Reincke, merchant, of Altona; Dr. Behn, professor at the University of Kiel; Canon Versmann, of Itzehoe (all three members of the Holstein Estates); Councillor von Ahlefeldt, of Olpenitz, Landed Proprietor, of Grumbye, Angeln (late members of the Schleswig Estates)—arrived in London on Monday evening as a deputation, delegated by their colleagues and constituents, to present to the Conference a protest against any action being taken by that body as to the future political organisation of the duchies of Schleswig-Holstein without consulting the wishes of the inhabitants.
"OLD ABE" APRIL-POOLING.—On the 1st of April last, about mid-day, Uncle Abe indulged in one of his little jokes. He ordered a despatch to be sent to Secretary Welles that the United States sailing-ship St. Louis had, on the 4th of March, captured the Confederate steamer Florida at Tenerife, and had hung the captain of the latter immediately. Old Welles, as he received the despatch, hurried over to the White House, and, rubbing his hands in a joyful manner, announced the glorious news. "I don't believe it," said Abe. "I now it is true. I feel it in my bones," said Sec. "Now, you old printer fool, does it look at all probable that an old sailing-screw like the St. Louis should catch a steamer like the Florida?" "I really don't know." "Oh, get out. Go home, and don't bring me any more such nonsensical dispatches. I see how it is. It is April Fool's Day, and you are trying it on me."—*Manhattan*.
DREADFUL ACCIDENT.—On Monday last a shocking accident befel Mr. J. Jones, an elderly gentleman, who has for many years held the responsible position of engineer to the Oxford City Waterworks Company. He had made an inspection of some fittings in connection with the waterworks in the upper story of Mr. Joel Evans's brewery, in the parish of St. Clement, Oxford, and on reaching the bottom of the ladder he missed his footing and fell head foremost into a large vat of boiling liquid. Mr. Evans, who preceded him down the ladder, and some of the men, attracted by the agonising screams of Mr. Jones, immediately rescued him, and medical aid was speedily at hand, but in divesting him of his clothing his flesh was literally peeled from his body. The vat was entirely unprotected, and this is the third accident (two of them fatal) that has occurred from the same cause in this neighbourhood in a few weeks.



CONFERRING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON ON GENERAL GARIBOLDI IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER AT GUILDHALL.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY: THE BANQUET IN THE PAVILION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—SEE PAGE 283.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

GARIBALDI is gone back to his island home, and that he is gone under the impression that her Majesty's Government wished him to go there cannot be a doubt. How this impression was made upon his mind will perhaps never be known, except to those who made it. Lord Shaftesbury declares, "upon his honour as a gentleman," that Garibaldi's failing health was the sole cause of his departure; and Lord Shaftesbury's honour as a gentleman is not to be impeached. He says what he believes to be true, speaks what he thinks he knows; but Lord Shaftesbury is not a Minister of the Crown, and, though he is very intimate with Lord Palmerston, it is not to be imagined that our noble Premier tells all his mind to Lord Shaftesbury. I suspect that Lord Shaftesbury has been the innocent tool of the Government in this matter. But supposing Garibaldi was made to believe that his presence here would be inconvenient—what then? Has any flagrant wrong been done? I cannot think that there has. Garibaldi's premature departure has disappointed the people in the provinces, who longed to see the Italian hero and to give him a provincial ovation as grand as that which he received in London; but Lord Palmerston and his colleagues are responsible for the conduct of our affairs; and, if Lord Palmerston discovered by his own sagacity, or was told by the members of the Congress now sitting, that Garibaldi's presence here would embarrass its consultations, it seems to me that his Lordship has not been guilty of any very grave offence in trying to get Garibaldi out of the way, even at the expense of the disappointment of his provincial friends. But, it may be asked, why was not the real cause of his departure plainly and openly avowed? Well, perhaps it would have been a better course if Lord Palmerston had plainly said in his place in Parliament that Garibaldi's presence here would be inconvenient, for the English people are not unreasonable; and, though there might have been an outbreak of indignation, this would soon have passed away. But diplomats of the old school like tortuous better than direct courses, and, moreover, very few of even the most advanced Liberals have yet learned to trust the people. Besides, it must be remembered that, if Lord Palmerston had made the frank avowal the matter would not have ended there. Parliament is sitting, and his Lordship would have been trotted through a whole catechism of questions. Radicals, Tories, and Whigs would have wanted to know who had hinted at this inconvenience. Who made the first suggestion? How? when? where was it made? Disraeli would have made a solemn protest against the unconstitutional proceeding; Seymour Fitzgerald would have discoursed learnedly upon international law; and Mr. Hennessy, who can change his colour like a chameleon and his shape like a Proteus, would have sunk all his dislike to Garibaldi to have a dig at the Government; and the noble Lord would have been pelted with questionings and protests as never man was pelted before. All this Lord Palmerston of course saw; and, perhaps, it was but natural that he should try to avoid it by getting Garibaldi out of the country in a quiet way. Well, on the whole, I do not think much harm has been done. Garibaldi has not felt hurt, as the phrase is. He is more annoyed that we have not gone to war with Austria on the Schleswig-Holstein question.

Garibaldi, I am told, got a good round sum from the directors of the Crystal Palace, but he will not appropriate it to himself, we may be sure. It will all be devoted to the Italian cause. I suppose a much larger sum will be raised by the subscription on foot. In that case, if the managers of the fund wish it to be secured for Garibaldi's special use, they must take care to put it in trust. But, really, Garibaldi wants no money for his special use. He has about £150 a year, the capital sum of which he earned long ago by commerce, and this is amply sufficient for the wants of this noble and disinterested man. He has one servant, I am told; but this man refuses to take regular wages; he lives as the General lives, wanting nothing but his food, except when his clothes are worn out, and then the General hands him over a trifle to buy a new suit. I have said that Garibaldi's income is sufficient to supply his wants, but I ought rather to have said that he compresses his wants to his income.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary is over, and so far as Stratford-on-Avon is concerned a success has been achieved which might have been all the greater had not the promised grandeur of the London demonstration overshadowed the early efforts of the Stratford committee of management. As in the best regulated families, so in equally well-regulated committees, accidents will happen; and the gentlemen who set themselves to work to do their best at Stratford-on-Avon in honour of the occasion have the satisfaction of feeling that they have triumphed over the various obstacles that beset them, and have achieved a result by no means insignificant. But what shall I say of the National Shakespeare Committee—with their promised general holiday on Saturday last; their procession to the Green Park, where the Prince of Wales was to have laid the first stone of that "monument, embracing a statue," which *Punch* has exercised its facetiousness upon; the series of grand performances in the metropolitan theatres; the exhibition of Shakespearean relics in Westminster Hall; the monster banquet at which the intellect of England was to shine forth in friendly rivalry to do honour to the occasion and the man? Of all these fair promises not one was destined to arrive at performance; but, instead, there was a miserable procession to Primrose-hill, where a young oak-tree, which had been transplanted from some few score paces distant the night before, was sprinkled with a few drops of water from the River Avon while Mr. Phelps made certain exaggerated remarks upon the grandeur of the occasion, and which were followed by an ode that the "foremost man in his profession" did not deign to stop and listen to.

Your readers know well enough by this time that I attribute the series of miserable failures which have attended the National Shakespeare Committee from its formation to the combined conceit and incapacity of its over-forward honorary secretary. Is Mr. Hepworth Dixon satisfied now as to the true estimate in which he is held by his literary brethren and by the general public? and are the Hon. W. Cowper and the other members of the executive at length convinced of his thorough inefficiency for the post which he occupies? The great City meeting, from which so much was expected, was actually called by him for the very day on which Garibaldi entered London. No one of course attended it, not even the Chief Commissioner of Works, who preferred a place on the roof of some Government office on that exciting occasion to delivering an address to a civic audience in favour of erecting a monument to Shakespeare. But when the City meeting really did take place, who attended it? Bear in mind that it was called by circular addressed to City magnates alone. Why, the Lord Mayor, one Sheriff, one Alderman, one Deputy, and one member of the Stock Exchange—the Mr. E. H. Lawrence who, months ago, was put forward to propose to the general committee the raising of £30,000 for a monument to Shakespeare, when the only reason he could give for this sum being fixed upon was because the Scott monument at Edinburgh cost a certain amount, and "he did not see why," as he elegantly phrased it, "Shakespeare should play second fiddle to Sir Walter Scott?" Not a single merchant or banker, not one of the City members, vouchsafed to attend a meeting convened to listen to an appeal from so important a functionary as the Chief Commissioner of Works. Nevertheless, a City committee was actually formed out of these insignificant materials; but when, a few days since, it was called together to deliberate, only three individuals were present, and so the City, like the general subscription, has fallen to the ground:—

The Royal patronage, the Prince's presidency, The general holiday, the grand procession, The monster banquet, and the brave performances, Yea, even the monument itself embracing statue, Have, like the promise of subscriptions, faded, And left not a rap behind.

Will you excuse me if once more I write the name of Shakespeare? It is only to tell you that Victor Hugo's edition of "The Bard" has appeared in Paris, and that 6400 copies were sold in two days. This beats the memorable sale of "Les Misérables." While on this subject, I hear that, though the English Shakespeare dinner, as well as the French one, at the Grand Hotel, was forbidden, the Germans are to be permitted to celebrate the tercentenary without molestation.

You see Germans usually speak to Germans in German, and treason uttered in Paris in German does not count, because "le peuple" only understand French—that sublime language, as Balzac said, "so little spoken in France."

It is quite impossible to help laughing at the unconscious oddity of a man who walks about with an anti-macassar hanging to a button behind, or a paper spill stuck under his coat collar. And it is almost as funny to see the solemn grandeur of some art-criticism under ridiculous circumstances. I have noticed a very funny thing apropos of Gérôme's "Nile Boat" at the French Gallery. The critics of two important papers have been speaking in the strongest terms of the "reality and truth" of the picture, and yet they neither of them knew the stem of the boat from the stern, but actually described it as if it were being pushed along by the rowers instead of pulled. I don't mind the *Superfine Review's* doing this so much, because *Superfine Reviewers* are above such human weaknesses as a knowledge of aquatics; but the other critic was present at the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race dinner, and made a speech about rowing, and so ought to know better. He might be expected to understand which way the oarsmen look in a boat, though perhaps there was some excuse for his describing the retriever in Sir Edwin's picture at the British Institution as a Newfoundland.

Verdi's opera of "Un Ballo in Maschera" was some short time ago produced, for the first time, at the theatre at Odessa, and the innocent inhabitants mistook the title of the opera for an announcement of a masquerade! About eleven o'clock an immense crowd of maskers, costumed, dominoed, and all the rest of it, invaded the theatre doors. Explanations were made, and the masqueraders went home disconsolately and exchanged their gay costumes and head-gear for sober nightcaps and bedgowns.

Here is a good notion for the teetotal societies, said to have been found in the drawer of an old cabinet, and written upon vellum:—

When Adam first planted the vine, the author of all evil watered it with the blood of a peacock. No sooner had it budded than the aforesaid unmentionable personage watered it with the blood of an ape. When the grapes appeared he watered them with the blood of a lion. And when they ripened he watered them with the blood of a pig. Thus the wine imbibed the different characters of the four animals. After the first few glasses, the blood of a drinker is animated; he is vivacious, boastful, and his cheeks are scarlet—he revels in self-glorification like a peacock; as intoxication progresses, he jumps and antics like an ape; he then becomes furious and ferocious as a lion; finally, his eye glazes, he totters, stumbles, groans, and grunts like the animal so delicious in the form of bacon.

It might be worth the while of the Society for the Suppression of all Liquor Traffic to have this charming little allegory printed and hung up at every porkshop near a public-house.

Apropos of Garibaldi's departure, I send you a short extract from the last new morning paper, a small sheet sold for a halfpenny. It did not appear as news, but in a leader.

Mr. Gladstone went on Sunday night to the Duke of Sutherland's mansion and intimated to his Grace that it was imperative Garibaldi should leave England, if the *entente cordiale* was to be preserved with France. The Duke's astonishment at this abrupt proposal may be imagined. How was he to communicate it to his guest? The law of hospitality, sacred everywhere, was thus proposed to be infringed. In apologetic tone the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been dispatched by Lord Palmerston on this errand, explained that every consideration was to be sacrificed to the interests of England; that at the approaching conference, which might possibly turn into a general congress, the influence of England would be negated if the continued to harbour the foe of Napoleon III. Napoleon was ready, in the plenitude of his grace, to overlook the first outburst of enthusiasm, but not to tolerate the continuance of these ovations. The Ministry had decided that Garibaldi must go, and he left it to the Duke to break the news as best he might to his guest. The Duchess, noting the Duke's agitation after the interview with Mr. Gladstone, inquired the cause and burst into tears. Nothing is so cold and heartless as State policy.

It is evident from the above that the writer of this leader in the *Morning Mail* is not only in the confidence of the Government, the personal friend of Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell, Napoleon III., and the Duchess of Sutherland, but a trusted intimate at Stafford House. Could anything be more circumstantial? "Said Mr. Gladstone to the Duke, in apologetic tone," and the Duchess, "noting the Duke's agitation, burst into tears!" Sheridan's pistol-bullet that missed Sir Peter Teazle struck a bronze Hercules on the mantelpiece, glanced off it at an angle of forty-five degrees, went through the window, and wounded the postman, who was coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire, is a loose and confused account compared to the above. The writer must have been upon the spot. The question then arises, how far is he—the trusted intimate of peers, potentates, dukes, and duchesses, how far is he justified in betraying the confidence of his friends, his noble host and hostess? To my mind, the editor of the *Morning Mail* should be careful how he employs writers of such high—even for journalists—such very high social position. What a marvellously intimate knowledge of the springs of kingcraft and the ministerial wires that pull political puppets is displayed in the last line, "Nothing is so cold and heartless as State policy!" The man who wrote it must have been in the Cabinet for years.

The other day a friend read me a letter containing a very singular story, which, whether true or a canard, has been lately buzzed about Paris. Six months ago a young couple in good society married, and entered upon housekeeping with a full staff of servants—butter, coachman, footman, gardener, cook, lady's maid, housemaids, &c. About a fortnight ago the police entered the house and informed its master that one of his male servants had been convicted ten years ago of a horrible crime, that they had just tracked him down, and he was "wanted." The gentleman was astonished, and said that there must be some mistake, as each member of his household had brought with him or her an excellent character. As Balzac says, "A policeman is disbelief and doubt incarnate." The "chef" requested that the male servants might be paraded. Butler, coachman, footman, &c., were sent for. The police eyed them narrowly, but their man was not there. "I told you so," said the gentleman, radiant with triumph. "You have other servants?" said the chef. "Only women." "Let us see them." The cook, the housemaids, and the lady's-maid appeared for inspection. The chef took one look at the girls, and, pointing to the very smart lady's-maid, said, "Behold my man!" The lady's-maid was immediately arrested and marched off to prison, and the new-married couple were horrified when they learned that the office of tirewoman had for six months been discharged by an escaped male convict.

Two of the staff of the Japanese Embassy quarrelled at Marseilles last Monday, and a duel was nearly the consequence. And how do you think they managed their affair of honour? They put two pieces of paper into a hat, on one of which was written the word "Life" and on the other "Death," and were about to draw lots when their friends effected a reconciliation. The custom is that the duellist who draws the fatal paper goes home and incontinentally destroys himself. The manner of his death—poison, the steel, the cord, &c.—is, I believe, left entirely to the discretion of the losing drawer.

BUTTER is now 2s. 6d. per lb. in New York. Provisions generally have advanced in price 174 per cent since April, 1860.

THE LATE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH NURSING THE FARMER'S CHILD.—Some years ago the late Bishop of Peterborough had occasion to visit a remote country village in his diocese, and notice had been sent to one of the churchwardens (an intelligent but unpretending farmer) that his Lordship would call upon him in the course of a certain morning. It was cold for a short time, leaving her baby, of about three months old, asleep, still in his nocturnal habiliments, in a cradle by the parlour fire. While up stairs the good mother heard a knock at the house door; but, never dreaming that the Bishop would call before nine o'clock, she took no notice of it. Presently, however, she descended to look after her infant son, and, to her extreme astonishment, and indeed horror, found him in the arms of the worthy Prolate, who was alone in the parlour with him, "hushing," cooing, and kissing the now unmistakably wide-awake child. The good Bishop, although then wanting not many years of three score and ten, had walked over at that early hour from a town three miles distant; and, having probably roused the infant from its slumbers by his knock and entrance into the room, had taken it out of its cradle and was good-naturedly acting the part of nurse until the arrival of the mother. Such a man naturally won the hearts of all.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE "VAUDOUX" IN HAYTI.

A FEARFUL crime was committed lately in Hayti. A young girl was beheaded, quartered, cut up into pieces, cooked, and, lastly, devoured at a horrible banquet. The principal actors in this tragedy were an uncle and an aunt of the victim. It would appear that the only cause to which this atrocious crime can be attributed is superstition as represented by the "Vaudoux."

Beschereille tells us, in his "Dictionnaire Nationale," that the vaudoux is "a negro dance, in which two or four persons take part, moving the upper portion of their bodies as though on a spring." But the vaudoux is more than this; it is a barbarous religion, formerly imported into the island from some part of Africa, thanks to the slave trade! and transmitted from father to son down to the present time.

On the 4th of February last the Criminal Court at Port-au-Prince was crowded to suffocation at an early hour. Among the leading persons present were the *Chargés-d'Affaires* of England, France, Spain, and the United States. Before the President, Mr. B. Lallemand, was a table covered with a red cloth, on which were placed some earthenware vessels, a skull, hair, a knife, a handkerchief stained with blood, and various other objects seized at the houses of the prisoners. The latter were all persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, except two of the females, who were washerwomen.

At the command of the President, the "act of accusation," as it is termed, was read. It was to the following effect:—"By an order of the council attached to the civil tribunal of Port-au-Prince it was declared that there was sufficient cause to proceed against Juana Pellé, Floreal Apollon, Guérrier François, Congo Pellé, Julien Nicolas, Nereina François, Roséida Sumera, and Bédard Prosper for murder, committed on the person of a young girl named Clarina; and the accused were consequently sent before the Criminal Court of Port-au-Prince to take their trial.

According to the report of the law officers of the Government, about the middle of last December the prisoner Congo Pellé had recourse to the god Vaudoux for the purpose of being protected against poverty, and, according to his own account, the god ordered him to offer up a human sacrifice. Congo communicated his purpose to his sister, Juana Pellé, who, like himself, believed that she was in correspondence with the spirits of darkness. Clarina, the daughter of Clara, scarcely more than seven years old, lived with Juana, her aunt, and was mentioned by the latter to Congo as the victim required. On Sunday, the 27th of December, Juana, who resided at Bizoton, rose at two o'clock a.m., and got ready to go to the city, leaving her innocent niece in the hands of Congo, with whom she had previously agreed on the course to be pursued. The little girl was to disappear during her absence, which, it was settled, should be of some hours. Before proceeding to Port-au-Prince, however, the treacherous Juana called upon Clara, Clarina's mother, to prevail on the father to accompany her (Juana), her object, doubtless, being to facilitate the disappearance of Clarina. The poor mother, although suspecting nothing, observed that it was too soon, and that she would go only in the daytime. However, she went back with Juana to the latter's house to fetch some linen she had left there the evening previously. On her way she perceived Clarina, dressed, and standing by the side of Congo before the door of his house. She said that she resolved in her own mind that, when she came back, she would call for the child and have her to live with her; but, on returning with the linen from Juana's, she did not see the child again. She called her, and Congo, in reply, stated that the child had gone to bed. About six in the morning, on going to hang out some wet linen in the sun, Clara once more saw the child, who, on this occasion, was warming herself at a fire made by Congo. She heard the latter tell Clara to go to Nicolas's. Suspecting nothing, she set off for Port-au-Prince, as had been proposed. The wretched Clarina, in obedience to her uncle, went out to go to Julien's, but returned a short time afterwards, saying she had lost her way, as though she had a presentiment of the misfortune with which she was threatened. The savage Congo, who had arranged all the details of his crime beforehand with Juana, knew very well that Floreal, Guérrier, and Bédard were awaiting their prey at Julien's. When the child returned, he himself went with her to Julien's and delivered her up to the monsters, who tied all her limbs closely together, and carried her to Floreal's, where she was placed in a mysterious retreat, commonly called the "Humfort" by the followers of the sect of Vaudoux. Floreal's wife, the prisoner Nereina, came home from the river in the evening, when she saw the child bound hand and foot at her husband's side. Floreal admitted her into his confidence.

Clarina remained thus shut up for four days. During this time Congo and Juana, in order to throw the authorities off the scent and dissipate anything like suspicion, pretended to look for Clarina, who, they said—with fiendish cunning—had lost herself in going from her aunt's house to Julien's. To calm the unhappy mother, the perfidious Juana said she had consulted a "papa," or magician, named Diego, who held out hopes that Clarina, although carried off by a spirit, might one day be restored to her relatives. Believing that by this gross artifice they had lulled all suspicion, and reckoning more especially upon the power of magic, the prisoners came to the resolution of consummating the sacrifice. On Wednesday, Dec. 30, at ten o'clock p.m., Juana directed her footsteps to the house of her accomplice, Floreal. She here found assembled Congo, Guérrier, Bédard, Julien, and Nereina. The victim was now carried by Congo to Juana's, whither the prisoner Roséida had come meanwhile. He was invited to take part in the ceremony. And now a most unnatural and atrocious crime was committed. Juana strangled the poor child, squeezing her throat together with her own hands, while Floreal pressed in her sides and Guérrier held up her feet. The child died in fearful convulsions. She was then laid upon the ground.

Juana next presented a knife to Floreal, who decapitated the corpse, and skinned it while it was still warm. Juana, Floreal, Guérrier, Congo, Nereina, Roséida, Julien, and Bédard, then, like a flock of wolves disputing which shall have the best portion of some putrid carcass, flung themselves upon the remains of the poor murdered child and devoured them. After this diabolical banquet, they proceeded to Floreal's, where they cooked the child's head with yams. After partaking of this horrible dish, Nereina was attacked with most terrible vomitings, while Roséida merely suffered from indigestion.

The skull was placed upon an altar. Taking a small bell, and ringing it, Juana led a procession round about the skull. The cannibals, intoxicated with human blood, sang, in a circle about the altar, a mysterious song. When the ceremony was finished, the skin and entrails of the victim were buried close to Floreal's house. The blood and powdered bones were put into earthen vessels, and carefully preserved.

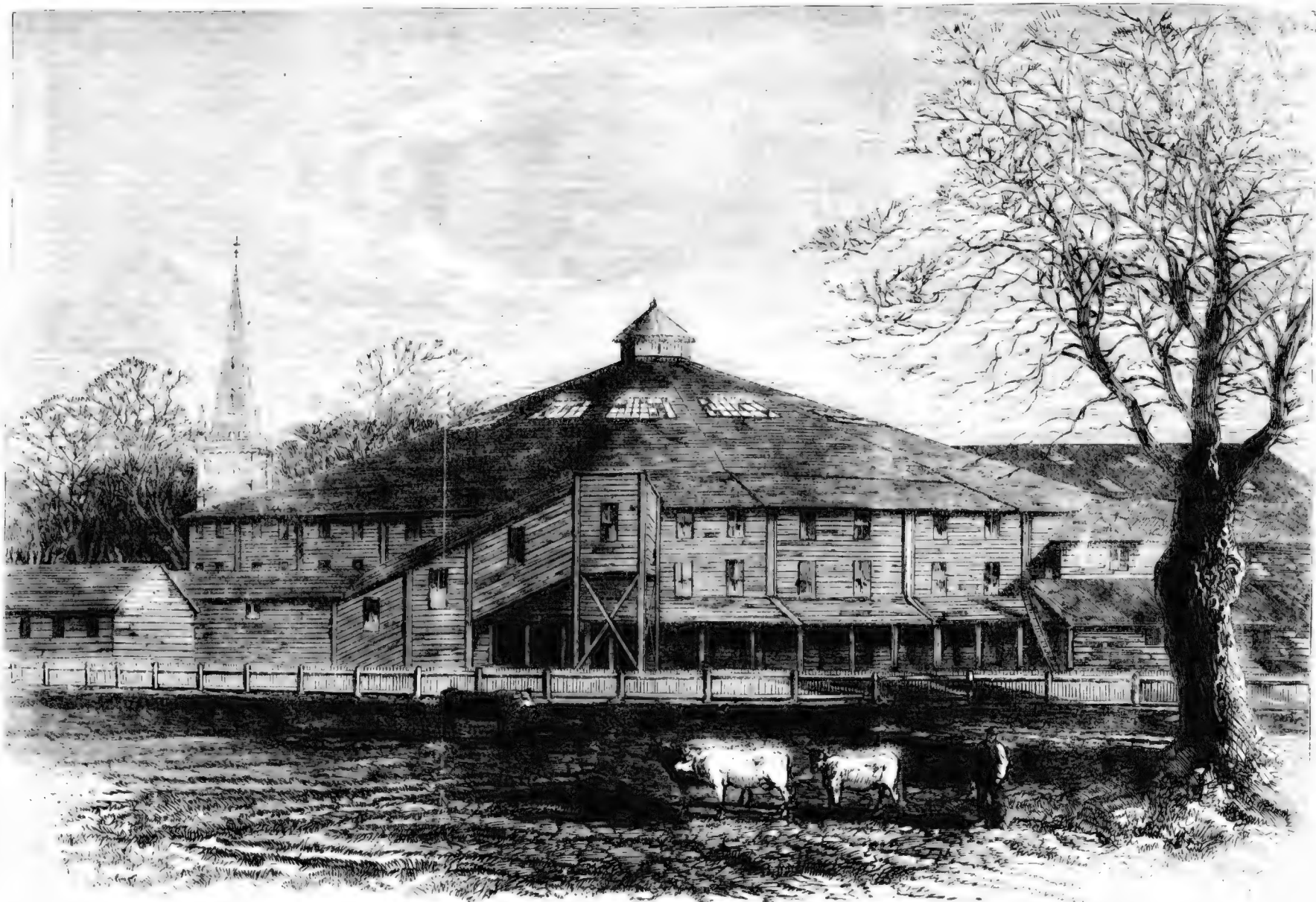
Before taking leave, the wretches, with their hands still stained with the blood of the victim they had just killed and devoured, agreed to meet on Twelfth Day, when they were to sacrifice a little girl, of the name of Losama, whom Nereina had kidnapped on the highroad leading to Léogane, and who was then being kept concealed at Floreal's.

Such is the substance of the charge drawn up by the public prosecutor. When it had been read, the prisoners were examined. They manifested such cold cruelty, united with such crass ignorance, that only the latter can at all explain away the former.

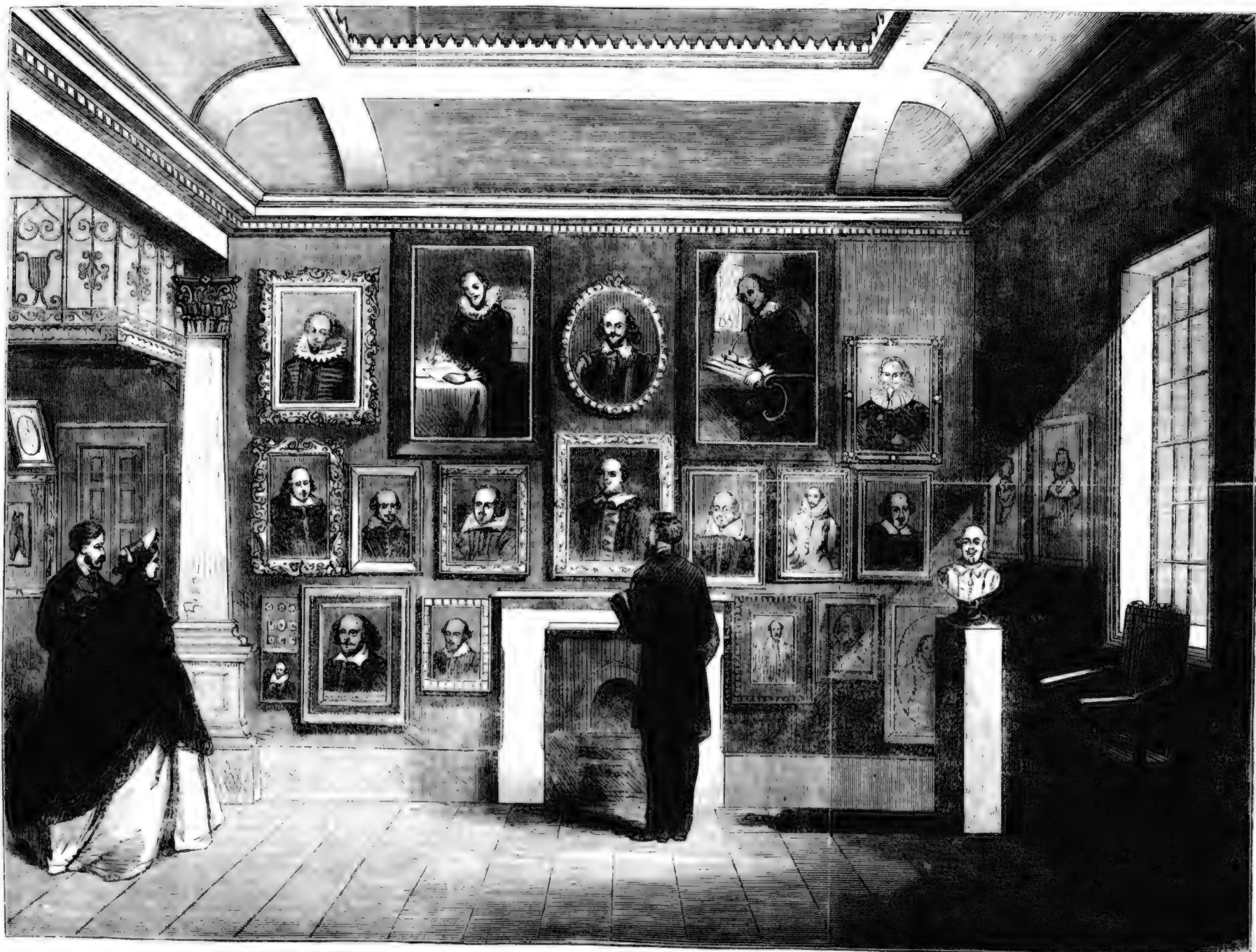
The child Losama, whom the prisoners had intended to sacrifice in the same manner as they had sacrificed Clarina, said that, having lost her way on the road to Léogane, she was taken to Floreal's, where Nereina was; that she saw Clarina bound and hidden in that house. She added that she and Nereina took Clarina her food; that she saw all the accused on the night of the 30th of December at Floreal's, when Juana presided at a ceremony which she (Losama) did not understand, and during which the accused danced all round the place, singing as they did so.

The evidence of this little girl excited profound emotion in the

on about the most central ground of his own fair England, and he seems but fancy that the whole impress of the scenery and rural life around him



THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY: THE PAVILION AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.



THE EXHIBITION OF SHAKESPEARE PORTRAITS IN THE TOWNHALL, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

boards. The play was followed by a piece called "My Aunt's Advice," with Mr. Sothern in the principal character.

On Wednesday afternoon a dramatic recital was given, in the regular Stratford Theatre, by Mrs. Macready, an American lady, who a few years ago made a favourable impression as a "reader" without book. The recital was well attended, and gave entire satisfaction to the audience. In the evening the plays performed were "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Comedy of Errors."

On Thursday there was a Shakspearean concert in the forenoon and the play of "As You Like It" in the evening.

On Friday the festival was brought to a close by a grand fancy-dress ball.

There was also an excursion to Charlecote, the grounds and hall of which were thrown open to the holders of tickets by the proprietor, Mr. H. Spencer Lucy. The place possesses especial interest to the admirers of Shakspeare from having been the residence of Sir Thomas Lucy, who is alleged to have prosecuted the poet for deer stealing, and who was afterwards satirised by him under the character of Justice Shallow. The present proprietor, however, seems to have thoroughly forgotten the feud between his ancestor and Shakspeare, and is one of the poet's most enthusiastic admirers. Visits to Kenilworth and other places of interest in the vicinity have also been made; and, with balls, dinners, and parties of various kinds, the week has been one of immense gaiety at Stratford.

THE SHAKSPEARE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

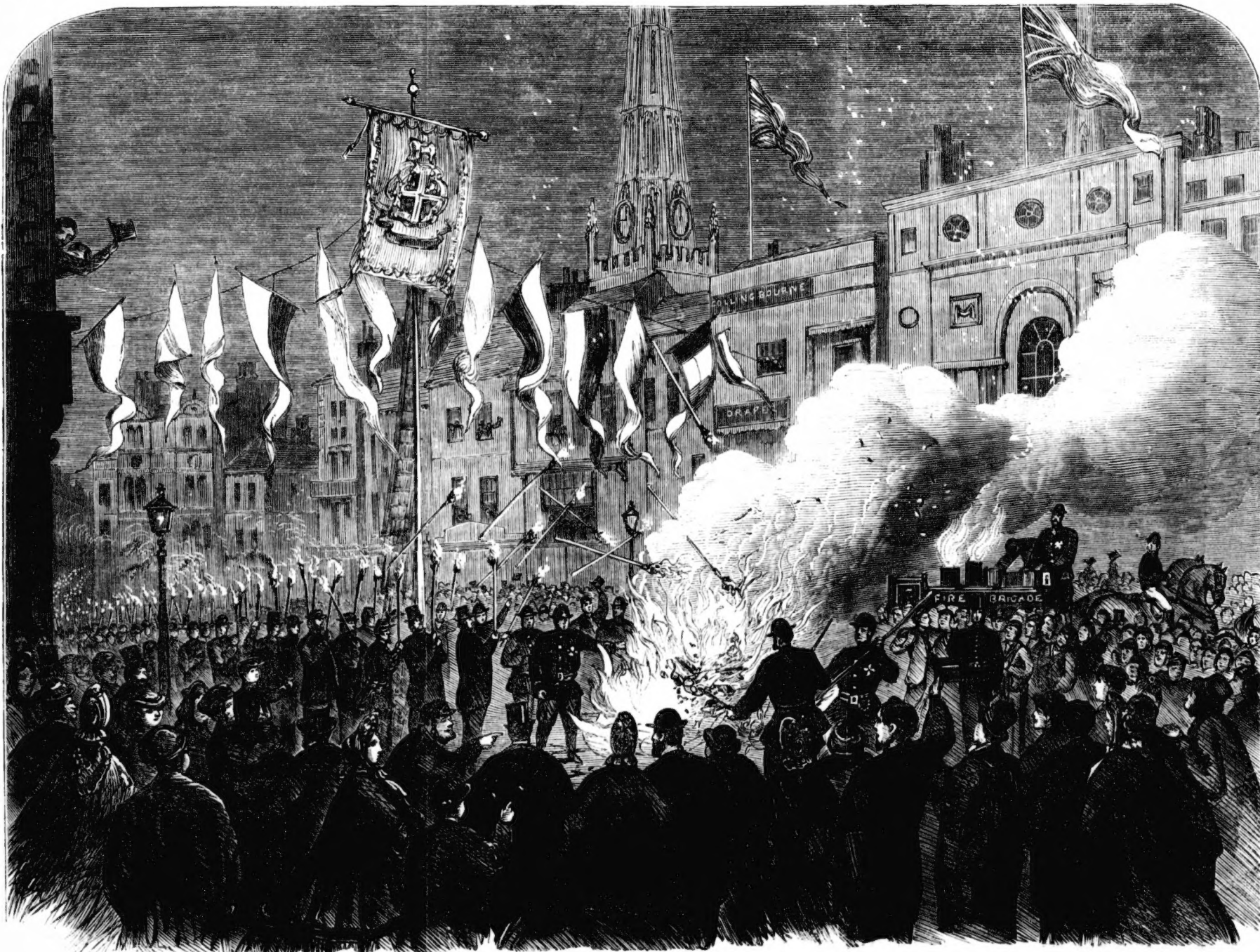
The gallery of paintings and sketches in the Shakspeare Hall has attracted many visitors. As one walks through the three large and well-filled rooms, the amount of highly pictorial art which the great genius has inspired seems only second in importance to the dramatic genius he has evoked—both being faithfully recorded in the theatrical celebrities and the scenes here portrayed. There are twenty-eight portraits of Shakspeare here, each claiming a special interest. As one examines these it is plain that there are three various conceptions of Shakspeare from which these portraits have grown. One is what we may call the Court Shakspeare, in which he is represented in fine costumes, or in reading his plays to Royal assemblages. Another is the Shakspeare of the theatres. A third is Shakspeare the man. In the first of these we see an idealised and finely-plumed courtier of the Elizabethan sort. In the second we see the jovial and smart companion of Ben Jonson and the rest. In the third we see the high-browed and serious man about whom the curiosity of the whole world still clings. The first we come to is that of Jansen, owned by J. Staunton, Esq., a very fair representation of the traditional Shakspeare. On the whole, it is likely that this portrait will always hold a particularly good place in the estimation of good judges. Another is a portrait, owned by J. Mitchell, Esq., of Shakspeare at the age of forty-seven, about which there is nothing special to be said. The next is a small portrait, owned by D. V. Harvey, Esq., remarkable for having around it five heads of the

nobility contemporary with Shakspeare. Then there is the old and striking portrait by Beale. A single type has been followed in all these. But now, in an old portrait of large size, owned by the Earl of Warwick, we come to a quite peculiar portrait. Here we have a great



E. F. FLOWER, ESQ., MAYOR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON, AND VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE SHAKSPEARE TERCENTENARY COMMITTEE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. P. ROBINSON.)

brow, the air of a cloistered scholar, a thin, sharp chin, and nothing whatever of the ruddy-lipped, jolly, dear-stealing Shakspeare. This is clearly the Shakspeare who has become an interesting figure to serious scholars, not as actor or dramatist, but as thinker and poet. The next, owned by J. Lucy, Esq., much resembles the first we have noticed, and is perhaps notable, like that, for having a high but quite narrow forehead. This portrait was originally in Richmond Palace, and when that was dismantled during the Commonwealth it was sold to a gentleman named Little, and afterwards came into the possession of a Mr. Wilks, a picture-dealer. This and two other portraits here have small rings in the ears. The next portrait, owned by Thomas Fiddian, Esq., is an idealisation of other portraits. The next, belonging to the Countess of Zetland, is one of the ear-ringed ones, and certainly has some marks of originality about it. The next has excited much attention owing to the following note appended to it:—"This portrait was sold at a sale of pictures at Lumley Castle in the year 1807." The sale appears to have been badly managed, for many even of the family portraits were sold anonymously, this of Shakspeare among the number. Fortunately, Mr. Ralph Waters, an artist of Newcastle, recognised the picture and bought it. It continued in his possession until his death, when his brother sold it to its late owner, George Rippen, Esq. Surtees, in the "History of Durham," says:—"The paintings described by Pennant, in 1776, at Lumley Castle, are chiefly portraits of illustrious Englishmen, the contemporaries of Lord John Lumley, who may be fairly deemed the author of the collection." The Lord Lumley alluded to was contemporary with Shakspeare, and died two years before him, when the title became extinct. The next (owned by Earl Ferrers) suggests a doubt whether it is a portrait of Shakspeare or any great poet. The next is that which is best known as "The Stratford Portrait." It is set in a frame made out of a portion of the wood of the Shakspeare house. It is in the dress and style of the bust in the church, and is undoubtedly a copy from it, which since Malone defaced that in the church with white paint, makes this very important; indeed, one would say that there would be no harm in recoloring that from this. The next is a portrait owned by the Earl of Warwick, "said to be Shakspeare"—why, we cannot divine. Another, belonging to Sir E. Wilmot, is a type of the courtly style already mentioned. The next is by Jansen, and differs from the first mentioned by him in its youthful air. Another (owned by A. Truman, Esq.) is remarkable as being one of two—the other being that said to be by Rubens (1611)—which give us for our Shakspeare a long, careworn, John Calvinish kind of face, quite different from all others. The next is an ordinary but well-painted face, by Humphrey. The next is that by H. Duke, which is interesting as a copy from the original owned by the Queen. And then we have a third by Jansen, one which Lavater would have liked least, but which has about it a look of reality and peculiarity calculated to arrest the attention of the cognoscenti. The next is Lord Leigh's, and is the



MIDNIGHT TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF COVENTRY ON THE EVE OF SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHDAY.

traditional face. The next is an imaginary bust. The next is a crayon copy, by Humphrey, of the Chandos portrait. The next is the Banerstock portrait, a three-quarter length painted on panel, which is very old, and resembles somewhat those by Jansen. Next is the lithograph of the Felton portrait, of which more than half the face is forehead. The next is the Norwich portrait, which represents Shakspeare, aged forty; it is a miniature on copper, half-length figure, standing, with vignette of the old Globe Theatre in the corner. This strongly reminds one of the face of the bust in the church. The next is the Chandos portrait, of which so much has been written; its distinction is a barely perceptible frown or look of anxiety. The next is that owned by the Rev. T. R. Medwin, which is doubtless valued by the owner. The next is quite an interesting old portrait, called, we believe, "The Mount Edcombe picture." It has been sent by the Earl of Edingham; but we are not favoured with the history which it doubtless has. It has a more strongly developed set of features and a less towering brow than others.

It is remarkable how all these portraits agree in some things, and how widely a few of them differ in some essential particulars. Two or three of the oldest represent the head as long and narrow, others give it a Teutonic breadth. One makes him a shrewd fellow, while another makes him an impulsive, genial, self-forgotten man-boy. But in giving a lofty and partially bald forehead, large lobes above the eyes, the apex of his head far back, the nose firm, the upper lip long, the under lip full, soft, and beautifully curved, and the chin inclining to pointed, or what the physiognomists call the "active chin," all the portraits agree.

PLANTING THE SHAKSPEARE OAK ON PRIMROSE-HILL, LONDON.

The chief public demonstration in London on the occasion of the Shakspeare Tercentenary Celebration was the planting of an oak on Primrose-hill and a procession from Russell-square to the scene of the performance. The proceedings were under the auspices of "The Working Men's Shakspeare Celebration Committee," and it was announced that the oak was to be planted in the name of the working men of the metropolis "by the hand of Samuel Phelps, Esq." Of the proceedings, which were rather of a lame character, we take the following account from the *Times* :—

On Saturday last a very feeble and, under almost all its aspects, a most ridiculous attempt was made to celebrate the birthday of our great poet by what was called in the handbills "A Working Men's Shakspeare Jubilee and Great National Festival." To say that it was not a "jubilee" nor a "great national festival" would only be to tell the public exactly what they expect, for their recent experiences of Shakspeare committees has led to a most judicious distrust of their plans ever turning out anything but the reverse of what their concoctors originally wished or intended. It was not a working men's jubilee, for the procession, all told, did not include five hundred members, who were of the usual idle stock of banner-bearers, or the harmless idiots who, in green velvet and feathers and point, will insist—as on the occasion of Garibaldi's entry—on exhibiting their lunacy before the gaze of hundreds. So far from being a national festival, it was not even a local one; and the pathetic entreaties of the handbills inviting the co-operation of "benefit and trade societies, brass bands, corporate bodies, foreign workmen, and the poet's admirers," fell on reluctant and unsympathetic ears as far as compliance with these adjurations was concerned. So also did the request "that householders along the line of route would give effect to the scene by the display of flags and by the ringing of the bells in the various parish churches, in order that the day might be made as it ought," &c. Not a flag was shown, except the time-worn and now rather illegible banners brought by the few processionists themselves; not a bell was rung, and the procession was constantly reminded that it was not a national holiday by having to open its thin ranks for the passage of prosaic carts and busses. In fact, it was a dull and tame affair throughout, and nothing so much redeemed its dullness as its general tone of absurdity.

The procession was ordered to assemble in Russell-square at one o'clock, and at that hour disjointed and very fragmentary elements of processional grandeur did, in fact, begin to draw together. But the process of assembling was exceedingly intermittent, and it was only semi-occasionally that the nucleus was reinforced by a stray banner or by some "extra grand," whose paucity of orders would have formed a respectable stock-in-trade for any whitesmith beginning business. Every addition, however, seemed welcome; and, to do them justice, the members of the procession appeared to enter as heartily into the fun of the display as even the little boys of the neighbourhood, only, of course, not in so candid and demonstrative a manner as to their expression of opinion. It was two o'clock, however, before preparations were made for starting, those entrusted with the ceremonial waiting to the last minute apparently in the hope that some accession to their numbers would drop in. Such an addition was, in truth, sadly needed. We are sure we were well within the limit in saying that the procession was short of 500 persons, and certainly short of 300 yards long, though in its ranks two charity schools "were thinly scattered to make up a show." As a demonstration it was very weak; as a pageant it was weaker still, some twenty banners comprising almost all its claims upon the notice of the passer-by. Altogether, it formed an assemblage which might be fairly classed as among those with which Falstaff would have avoided Coventry. This assemblage, or procession, or whatever it may like to be called, was marshalled some six abreast, and headed by the band of the Havelock Volunteer Corps, marched leisurely along through Bedford-square, Tottenham-court-road, Hampstead-road, and High-street, Camden Town, to Primrose-hill.

At Primrose-hill, which, it is stated upon authority, is to be henceforward known as Shakspeare's-hill, anything to the contrary notwithstanding, arrangements had been made for planting a "people's oak" in honour of the people's poet. This tree was given by her Majesty for the purpose, and was a fine young tree of some fifteen or twenty years' growth, taken, we believe, from Windsor Forest, with the earth around its roots undisturbed. The ceremony of planting took place at the foot of the hill, the long slope and summit of which were pretty densely thronged with spectators. The arrangements for the planting were as simple as could well be conceived, and bore a whimsical resemblance to the primitive rules and regulations which obtain at prize-fights. There was the traditional bottle of water (brought from the Avon to christen the tree), there was an outer and an inner ring, the occupants of which latter were made to sit on the ground, so that the outer might see, and when Mr. Phelps was brought forward with cheers, supported under each arm by a friend, it only required the appearance of Mr. Fechter from an opposite corner to make the fictitious illusion complete. After some time spent in waiting for the procession and in discussion as to whether the ceremony of planting (which was only to be done theoretically, the tree having been in reality planted early in the morning by practical gardeners) should not be proceeded with without the Foresters and others, the procession reached the ground as the Avon water had been decanted from a bottle into a large watering-can.

When the processionists had all gained the hill, and when Colonel George Cruikshank, who headed the guard of honour of the Havelock Volunteers, had, with his officers, taken their places in the inner ring, the proceedings commenced by Mr. Moore addressing Mr. Phelps in behalf of the Working Men's Shakspeare Committee, and asking him to plant the tree in honour of England's poet. To this request Mr. Phelps, who was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm both on his arrival and when he spoke, replied simply as follows :—

Mr. Moore, I beg to accept most gratefully and humbly the task which the Working Men's Shakspeare Committee have assigned to me this day. I think the sight around me is one of the noblest and one of the grandest spectacles that ever met the human eye. In the name of the workmen of England I plant this oak, and trust that it may live and flourish and reach maturity. May it, in the words of our great and glorious poet, become

"An oak, whose boughs are mossed with age,
And high-topped, bald with dry antiquity."

A letter was then read from Miss Eliza Cook, pleading indisposition as the cause of her absence, and Mrs. G. L. Banks was named to christen the tree and speak instead of Miss Cook. This Mrs.

Banks did in a short speech, the only defect of which was that, as might have been anticipated, its delivery was marred by the nervousness natural to a lady addressing so large and so public an audience for the first time. At the conclusion of her address she plentifully sprinkled the tree from the water of the Avon, and christened it the "Shakspeare Oak," amid continued cheering, during which enthusiastic devotees took as much of the water of Avon as they could conveniently carry away with them by drinking it out of the can.

Mr. Henry Marston then recited an ode written for the occasion by Miss Eliza Cook, of which neither more nor less can be said than that it is a fair *pièce de circonstance*, neither above nor below the average merit of that lady's poems. The proceedings, which had been enlivened throughout by the music of the band of the Hon. Artillery Company, were then brought to a close by a brief address from Mr. Marston, and the spectators began to disperse.

CELEBRATIONS IN THE PROVINCES.

In many of the principal towns of England the Shakspeare tercentenary has been celebrated with much enthusiasm.

At Birmingham there were dinners, concerts, theatrical performances, &c.; but the most interesting incident was the presentation to the Mayor, on behalf of the town, of the first instalment of the Shakspeare Memorial Library. The presentation was made by Mr. M. D. Hill, Q.C., the Recorder, who made an eloquent oration on the occasion. It is intended that this library shall be deposited in a special room in the Free Library of Reference, belonging to the Corporation. It is designed to collect in the library copies of all the editions of Shakspeare's works, whether printed in English or translated into foreign languages; and the library will also include, as far as it can be obtained, a complete body of Shakspearean literature—commentaries on the works of the poet, also works illustrative of his plays and of the contemporary literature of the period. The collection is presented to the town on condition that it shall always be kept separate from the general library; shall be augmented from time to time by the Corporation; and shall be opened freely to all Shakspeare students, from wherever they may come. A large number of rare and valuable books has already been presented, and a considerable sum of money subscribed for the purchase of others.

At Coventry, prizes were offered for poems on Shakspeare, and these prizes were delivered to the successful competitors—Mr. John Harris, of Falmouth, Cornwall; and Mr. Henry C. Edwards, of Birmingham—at an entertainment in the Corn Exchange, where there were Shakspearean readings, songs, &c. After the entertainment there was a grand torchlight procession, which was the special popular demonstration of the occasion, and excited much interest. There was a bonfire at the Cross, and coloured lights were profusely displayed before the starting of the procession. Thousands of people were assembled in the centre of the city to witness the lurid display. The procession consisted of nearly 400 torchbearers, bands of music, flags, and a large concourse of people. Our Engraving will furnish a vivid idea of the effect produced.

At Liverpool, Manchester, Dudley, and numerous other places, the occasion was celebrated by dinners, concerts, balls, theatrical performances, Shakspearean readings, &c.; and everywhere much enthusiasm was displayed.

MR. FLOWER, MAYOR OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, Edward Fordham Flower, Esq., was born in 1805. He is the youngest son of Richard Flower, Esq., of Marden Hall, near Hertford, well known as an agriculturist and politician, who, taking gloomy views of the state and prospects of England after the war, was induced, in 1817, to sell his fine estate and property in England and emigrate, with all his family and a large party of friends and labourers, to the then Far West of America, where he purchased from the Government a vast tract of land, laid out the now flourishing town of Albion, and founded the settlement in the south-east of Illinois known as the English settlement, which exercised an important influence on the destinies of that territory—for it was mainly owing to the exertions of Mr. Flower and those who went with him that it was prevented from being received into the Union as a Slave State. His son, the subject of this notice, then a mere lad, shared with him all the difficulties and anxieties of an inland journey of a thousand miles—where there were no roads through the forests and no steam-boats on the rivers—and assisted in establishing a home in the wilderness, not only for themselves but for those who came with them and after them. The Indians had not long left the country, and there were no settled inhabitants; consequently, provisions could only with great difficulty be obtained for love or money. Frequently he had to take long journeys through the woods on horseback to obtain the bare necessities of life, sometimes to borrow a sack of meal till it could be paid in kind. That was during the first year. Afterwards, through a large outlay of capital, the face of the country was changed; corn was raised and cattle bred, but not without immense labour of various kinds, not the least of which was protecting their property and crops from the attacks of wild animals. The subject of this notice took an active share in all this work, and it was doubtless this early training which helped to form his remarkably energetic character and taught him not to shrink from any undertaking because it is difficult, or from any circumstances because they are unusual. Besides all this, there were other perplexities to be dealt with. Living on the borders of a Slave State, they were constantly having skirmishes with kidnappers and protecting free negroes from capture—who were too often taken under the pretext of being runaway slaves—which led to frequent broils, and often to bloodshed. In his nineteenth year Mr. Flower was attacked with severe fever and ague. When sufficiently recovered he came on a visit to England, and finding much to attract and interest him in the home and among the friends of his childhood, he determined to remain; and as what is called education, in his case, had been superseded by the hard, earnest, battle of life, he now spent a year or two in picking up a few neglected essentials—such as reading, writing, and arithmetic—six months of which time were spent at Lanark with his friends, the family of the late Robert Owen. In 1827 he married Celina, daughter of John Greaves, Esq., of Barford, near Warwick, and soon after settled in Stratford-on-Avon, where, two years before, he had inscribed his name in the visitors' book in Shakspeare's house as "Citizen of the World." Then came another hard beginning, as upon rising as that in the wilderness. With no experience in English commerce, he took to the timber trade, and his capital nearly all went in this first attempt; but still he did not despair. Imbued with an earnest desire to remain in England and achieve an independent position for himself, he took a rather bold step, but one which he thought he could maintain. The Duke of Wellington's Government had just then taken the tax off brewery beer. Until then there had been few public breweries in Warwickshire, each family usually brewing for themselves; therefore the prejudice against brewery beer was at first very great. However, in 1832, Mr. Flower built and opened a brewery, and for many years it was hard up-hill work, with little money, no experience, public opinion against the article, which doubtless the quality at first, in a great measure, warranted, whereas the Stratford beer is now famed throughout the kingdom. The difficulties and drawbacks were such that few would have had courage to persevere; but, nevertheless, Mr. Flower went steadily on, and at last turned the corner of success. At the end of thirty years he gave up the brewery to two of his sons (his other son is Conservator of the Hunterian Museum of the College of Surgeons). But though he retired from business he did not seek a life of inglorious ease. His active nature cannot be idle, and he never shrinks from work or responsibility if he thinks he can serve a private friend or a public cause. In the last general election he contested, on Liberal principles, unsuccessfully, the borough of Newport. He is a magistrate for the county of Warwick, and has been four times the Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, having served in the years '51 and '62, after which he retired from holding office in the town, until two years ago, when, in anticipation of the "Tercentenary," a very numerous signed requisition from the

inhabitants was sent to induce him again to become Mayor, that he might take a leading part in organising and carrying out the proper measures for celebrating the occasion. This he consented to do, and for the last six months his labours have been unremitting; attending committees, corresponding, visiting places at a distance to stir up the inhabitants in behalf of the Stratford Committee—in short, doing everything that seemed likely to secure success. He has been, in fact, the soul and heart of the movement; and the perfection of the various arrangements, and the entire success which has attended the festival, are mainly due to his exertions, and must be to him a source of great satisfaction and honest pride.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Shakspeare—I really am tired of writing his honoured name, as, I doubt not, my readers are tired of reading it—since Saturday last has been paid homage, of one sort and another, at the majority of the London theatres.

To begin at the beginning, the DRURY LANE playbill is quite a literary and critical sheet. The managers claim for themselves the merit of having endeavoured "to place upon the stage a work of the great dramatic poet adequately illustrating his many-sided genius, acted with that degree of perfection which can be attained by the best-inspired and most thoroughly-trained actors our time affords, and accompanied by all the modern appliances of stage effect; not, however, thrust forward with impertinent prominence, as has some times been seen, and, as it were, by way of apology for presenting Shakspeare at all, but in due subordination to the poet's creation." And they go on to say that "their 'ordinary' will—if they judge the public taste rightly—prove more acceptable, and more effectually nourish a true regard for the transcendent merits of Shakspeare than any occasional jangle of notes concerted by municipal brains in the delirium of a tercentenary fever, whether or no a French chef de cuisine contribute his continental science to heighten the relish of the principal dish."

The Saturday was kept by the performance of a scene from "Twelfth Night," "Henry IV.," and "an occasional mask," written by Mr. Edmund Falconer, and entitled "The Fairies' Festival," in commemoration of Shakspeare's birthday. Oberon and Titania receive a deputation consisting of the Leading Actor, the Poet Laureate, the Editor of a literary paper, and the Critic of Fairyland, to whom Robin Goodfellow acts as Master of the Ceremonies and Gentleman Usher. It is arranged that a special fête—in short, a Tercentenary Festival—is to be given in honour of the immortal bard (I really have no other method of expressing it, or I would not use words that the printer must be tired of composing). There is an entrance of all the fairies on the "Midsummer Night's Dream" muster-roll, and the scene changes to a leafy glade. A ballet is danced, and the banished Duke, Jaques, and our old friends the Foresters in "As You Like It" enter, and listen to the songs of Amiens. "Under the greenwood tree" and "Blow, blow, thou wintry wind" were charmingly sung by Mr. Swift, and "I know a bank" and "Ye spotted snakes" admirably rendered by Miss Poole and Miss Edith Wynne. A colossal statue of Shakspeare was exhibited. "Where the bee sucks" was sung by Miss Poole, and the curtain fell. I must mention some excellent declamation by Mr. Edmund Phelps and the capital acting of Master Percy Roselle as the tricky Puck. If anybody would wish to know what a fairy queen should be like—regal, elegant, airy, and sylphlike—they have only to go and see Miss Rose Leclercq as Titania, who realises all of elfin majesty that a poet, or a painter, or a dreamer could desire.

The HAYMARKET gave "Twelfth Night" in its entirety. The various excellences of Mr. Buckstone's Sir Andrew, Mr. Compton's Clown, and Mr. Rogers's Sir Toby, are familiar to the public. The difficult, and to an extent unthankful, part of Malvolio was well rendered by Mr. Chippendale. Miss Louisa Angel as Viola, Miss Lindley as the Countess, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam as Maria, were very warmly received. Outside the theatre the word Shakspeare blazed in coloured lamps.

At the PRINCESS' selections from "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice" preceded "The Comedy of Errors." Mr. George Vining appeared as Shylock, which he acted with great intensity and energy. Mrs. Hermann Vezin was the Rosalind and the Portia, and the Brothers Webb—it is impossible to separate their identities—the Touchstone and the William. Some Shakspearean music was sung with great effect by Mdm. Parepa and Miss Rebecca Isaacs.

At the ADELPHI Mr. Stirling Coyne's old farce of "This House to be Sold" was revived under the title of "Shakspeare's House." Poor Wright's old part of Chopkins was played by Mr. Toole with Mr. Toole's usual effect on the risible muscles of his hearers. The great poet, "in his habit as he lived," was personated by Mr. Phillips, who looked like an authentic portrait of the "divine Williams" which had obtained leave of absence from its frame. In the dialogue between Chopkins and Shakspeare the "hits" at the tercentenary committees were applauded fiercely, and a certain amount of personal warmth was exhibited at every allusion to native emendations and foreign interpolations. The Spirit of 1864 rose, and the walls of Shakspeare's house vanished to give place to a diorama—a sort of triangular diorama. The stage was divided. Tragedy claimed the left hand, looking from the stalls; Comedy, the right; and above them a space was devoted to Allegory. Scenes from the plays were then unfolded to the sound of Shakspearean music, a colossal statue, I need not say of whom, dominating all. At the fall of the curtain, Mr. Danson, the artist, was called before the curtain.

SADLER'S WELLS gave "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Marriott for the Portia and Mr. G. V. Brooke for the Shylock. An original address, written by Mr. Sawyer, from which I quote a few lines appropriate to the locality, was spoken by Miss Conway :—

Within these walls there is no need to claim
Devoted reverence for Shakspeare's name;
Here, when a frivolous and fickle age
Had almost thrust the poet from the stage,
When in burlesque alone his voice was heard,
Or in revivals scarcely less absurd;
Here, by our greatest living actor's aid—
Here, by our Phelps—his genius was displayed,
And still the bard has truest homage won,
Year after year, in Merrie Islington.

The performance of the "Second Part of King Henry VI." at the SURREY deserves credit for somewhat more than the courage which has prompted the revival. This is, perhaps, the most historical, the most instructive, and the least dramatic of all Shakspeare's plays. It is one constant succession of incident, with ever-changing characters. It has been presented upon the stage less frequently than most of the works of the great master. But it was certainly excellently played at the Surrey. There was not a scene, not a costume, at which a critic would care to take exception. The acting was uniformly good throughout, and we wish to be understood as using this phrase as a far higher recommendation than a flattery of one or two leading actors only. All those marvellous scenes of the detection of the impostor Simcox, by Duke Humphrey, the wager of battle between the armourer and his apprentice, the origin of the badge of the Yorkists in the plucking of the roses in the Temple Garden—scenes which we had almost ceased to hope to behold upon the stage—were represented in a manner which left nothing to be desired. Every actor appeared to comprehend not only the spirit of his part, but the rhythm and metre of the blank verse. This latter may appear a simple accomplishment; but it has been our fate to be so intolerably disgusted by eminent leading tragedians who have not the gift—or acquirement—of this understanding of the first essential element of their art, that the elocution at the Surrey was to us an agreeable surprise. We tender our acknowledgments to the management for one of the most conscientious, useful, and important Shakspearean revivals it has yet been our good fortune to witness. The scenery would deserve special mention, were it not that the general excellence of the other accompaniments of the putting of the piece upon the stage was thereto equal.

I must not forget to mention that on Monday night Mdlle. Stella Colas made a triumphant reappearance at the PRINCESS'. I did not see the fairest of fair Capulets, but I hear that the house was crowded

and the ovation extraordinary even for these occasional days. (I make a present of the word occasional to the compiler of the next American dictionary.)

The proceeds of the performances on Saturday last were, at the majority of the theatres, devoted to the National Shakespeare Fund.

I am compelled to postpone my notice of Mr. Buckingham's new farce at the St. JAMES'S.

LAW AND CRIME.

A CASE which has been, and will probably be for some time to come, referred to as one of an extraordinary mistake of identity of an accused person, was heard last week before Mr. Arnold, at Westminster. A Scotchman named Donald came up to London, and brought with him his savings, about £60 in money. He was accosted in the street by one of those loitering scoundrels who are generally known as "magmen" or "skittle-sharpers," and by an old, stale device, which has been far too often resorted to warrant us in now detailing it, was plundered of his money by his acquaintance and a confederate. The next proceeding was an application to the police and the arrest of a gentleman with a beard, whom the simple Donald from Scotland readily found and pointed out to a policeman as one of the fellows who had committed the theft. Then the matter was brought before Mr. Arnold. Donald swore to the defendant, a Mr. Gale, as having been the person who defrauded him of his money. A potboy and a landlord from two several public-houses were also to the identity of the prisoner. The magistrate refused to accept bail, and therefore the prisoner, being remitted to the cells, was thoroughly searched, when there were found upon him business letters certainly not of the kind to be addressed to a blackleg. The fact was notified, and Mr. Gale, having already suffered a night's imprisonment, was admitted to bail. Upon the remand, a number of well-known gentlemen of Mr. Gale's profession attended to testify, not only to his reputation, which is metropolitan, but to the absolute fact of his having been engaged upon important public business at the time of the alleged offence. But the strangest incident has yet to be told. The magistrate himself inquired of Mr. Gale whether he had not been, two or three days previously, at the Court to prosecute a charge against a servant for misdemeanour. The answer was negative, somewhat to the astonishment of the magistrates. Mr. Gale was discharged, of course "without a stain on his character." But, how came this error as to identity? It is capable of some partial explanation. The police, blundering as usual, had brought the potman into the yard at the station, and there shown him several prisoners, among whom Mr. Gale was the only one habitually unshorn. As the real culprit had been bearded, the potman "identified" Mr. Gale. The criminal and lower classes generally do not wear hair about their faces, and the policemen's excuse was that they had no other bearded men in custody. The case of Mr. Gale is really not so extraordinary as appears to be supposed. It is the type of a class of occurrences in which innocent men are constantly accused of crimes and offences which they have never committed, but of which, not being so well known as Mr. Gale, they are not able so easily to prove themselves innocent.

A poor, wretched man was charged before Mr. Arnold with begging. A policeman swore that he had heard the prisoner, at a gentleman's door, say to the butler, "Please relieve a poor man." But the butler swore that no such words had been used. The man had called at the house upon a supplicatory expedition to the master, a member of Parliament, to whom he had been denied admittance. Mr. Arnold hereupon cross-examined the policeman, who then "cried off" by saying, "I believed that was what he said." "Believed it!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold; "why, you swore he said those words. I have committed persons to prison upon your uncorroborated evidence, but I will never take it again." This is very right of Mr. Arnold so far as regards this particular policeman; but we would venture to suggest that the uncorroborated evidence of any policeman ought never to be taken at all. What a policeman does, or ought to do, usually is not only "coram publico," but at the instance of the public. Any charge laid upon the unsupported evidence of a policeman should be regarded with the greatest possible distrust.

A hawk of fish called at the house of a Mrs. Bullen, near Penge. Mrs. Bullen missed her purse immediately after his departure, sent after the fish-seller, and gave him into custody upon the ground that he was "the only person who had called." Upon this utterly insufficient evidence the poor man was subjected to a remand for five days. During this period Mrs. Bullen found her purse in the pocket of her own dress, which she had changed in the interim between the man's call and her first apprehension of her supposed loss. The magistrate advised her to make compensation to the man, who was at once discharged.

A case of very great importance to the medical profession was adjudicated upon by Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart., at the Brompton County Court, on Thursday last. In a matter of "Brooker v. Mellor," the defendant was a physician, and pleaded to plaintiff's claim a set-off for a fee of £2 2s., to which he considered himself entitled under the following circumstances:—The plaintiff's wife was attended under circumstances of urgency and danger, by a medical gentleman, who, finding that an operation was necessary, and that the result might be fatal, sent Brooker to call in the aid of Dr. Mellor. Dr. Mellor promptly attended, the operation was successfully performed, and the patient's life was preserved. The plaintiff resisted Dr. Mellor's subsequent claim, on the ground that the doctor had been called in by his brother practitioner, and the question of fee was one lying only upon those two. Several medical gentlemen were examined, and the custom appeared to be that in the case of neighbouring friendly practitioners one might attend at the request of another, as a safeguard against any subsequent blame for possible unfortunate results. In the case of strangers, the medical gentlemen called in might request his brother professional to share the fee, but, among the wealthy, the patient or his family usually paid the second doctor a fee on his departure. Dr. Mellor had been called in for the benefit of the plaintiff, against whom the set off ought therefore to be allowed. His Honour stated that it might be

contrary to public policy and dangerous to society should the general rule be contrary to this view. For medical men, in cases of difficulty, might reasonably be cautious of calling in assistance to their own loss, and an unskilful practitioner, in order to save a fee, might persist in relying upon his own exertions in cases of difficulty and danger, and much mischief might ensue.

MONEY OPERATIONS OF THE WEEK.

NEARLY all Home Securities have met a very inactive market since we last wrote, and the quotations have been with difficulty supported. Consols, for Money, have realised 91 1/2; Ditto, for Account, 91 1/2; Reduced and New Three per Cents, 89 1/2; New Two-and-a-half per Cents, 74; Annuitants, 188, 14 1/2; Exchange Bills, 4s. to 9s. 6d. Bank stock has been slow, at about previous rates. India Stock has marked 218; Ditto, New, 105 1/2; Ditto, Four per Cent. Rupee Paper, 93; the Five per Cent. 104, and the Five-and-a-half per Cent. 113. India Bonds have sold at 12s. to 7s. 6d.

The demand for money has been much less active. Although the supply of capital is very abundant, the rates are freely supported. In the open market the best paper is done as follows:—
Thirty Days' Bills 7 per cent.
Sixty Days' 7 1/2
Three Months' 7 1/2
Six Months' 7 1/2
Six Months' 7 1/2

In the Stock Exchange market has been lent at 4 1/2 per cent. whilst on the Continent the quotations are barely supported. The imports of the precious metals have been on a moderate scale, and the whole of them have been taken for shipment to the Continent.

The steamer for India has taken out £111,420, chiefly for Bombay. The Union Bank of London have resolved to increase their nominal capital from £1,000,000 to £1,500,000 by the issue of 500,000 new shares to the present proprietors, at £10 premium.

The West India steamer has brought £333,000, of which £360,000 is gold. The Serio of the new Russian loan is firm, and the quotation is now 1 1/2 to 2 prem. In Mexican scrip, however, a limited business is doing, at 1 to 4 prem. The Confederate loan is firmer, at 20 and 25; and most other Foreign Securities are steadily supported. Last week's quotations. Brazilian Four-and-a-half per Cents, 100; Egyptian Seven per Cent, 100 1/2; Greek, 25; Mexican Three per Cent, 45 1/2; Portuguese Three per Cent, 40; Russian Four-and-a-half per Cent, 85; Ditto, Five per Cent, 102, 8 1/2; Spanish Passive, 30; Ditto, Certificates, 17 1/2; Turkish Old Six per Cent, 89; Ottoman, 100; Ditto, New, 100 1/2; Venezuela Six per Cent, 90 1/2; and Dutch Four per Cent, 100 1/2.

Joint-stock Bank Shares have continued in request, and, in some instances, an important advance has taken place in the quotations. Agra and United Service have sold at 14 1/2; Alliance, 6 1/2; Bank of London, 17 1/2; Bank of Queensland, 20; Bank of Victoria, 45; Commercial, 100; Colonial, 45; Consolidated, 11 1/2; English, 20; Scottish and Australian Chartered, 24; Imperial, 44; Imperial Ottoman, 21 1/2; Land Mortgage of India, 6 1/2; London Chartered of Australia, 27 1/2; London Joint Stock, 44; London and Northern, 24 1/2; London and Westminster, 44; Mercantile, 104; National Discount, 44; Overseas, 44; Standard of British South Africa, 28 1/2; Union of Australia, 28 1/2; Union of Ireland, 20 1/2; and Union of London, 90 1/2.

A fair average business has been transacted in the market for Colonial Government Securities, Canada six per Cent. has realised 104 1/2; Cape Six per Cent, 111; New Brunswick Six per Cent, 102 1/2; New South Wales Five per Cent, 100; New Zealand Six per Cent, 110 1/2; and Victoria Six per Cent, 103 1/2.

The Miscellaneous Market has been tolerably active. Australian Mortgage Land and Finance have marked 31; Consolidated Discount, 8; Credit Mortgage, 9; Crystal Palace, 34; Discount Corporation, 11 1/2; East India Irrigation and Canal, 6 1/2; Egyptian Commercial and Trading, 4; English and Australian Copper, 12; General Credit, 10; Hudson's Bay, 10 1/2; Imperial Financial, 24; International Financial, 11 1/2; Joint-stock Discount, 7 1/2; Land Securities, 24; London Financial, 27 1/2; Mercantile, 104; National Discount, 44; Overseas, 44; Standard of British South Africa, 28 1/2; South African Mortgage Investment, 6 1/2; Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance, 6 1/2.

The Railway Share Market has been somewhat heavy, and prices have been with difficulty supported.

METROPOLITAN MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The arrivals of English wheat, coastwise and by land-carriage, have been on a very moderate scale, though somewhat in excess of the previous week. For most kinds the demand has ruled inactive, at about stationary prices. In foreign wheat the imports of which have not increased, the demand has been moderate, and the quotations, however, have been supported. In floating cargoes of grain very little has been passing, at late rates. The barley trade has not improved; nevertheless, prices have ruled about stationary. As to further change has taken place in the value of malt. Sales have progressed at 1/4. Oats have sold at 1/4. Hops have ruled at 1/4. Beans have realised extreme advances. The flour trade has been very quiet.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—Wheat, 3s. to 4s.; barley, 2s. to 3s.; malt, 5s. to 6s.; oats, 1s. to 2s.; rye, 3s. to 4s.; beans, 2s. to 3s.; peas, 2s. to 3s.; per quarter; flour, 2s. to 4s. per 200 lb.

CATTLE.—The supplies of fat stock on offer have been moderately numerous, but the market has ruled steady at 1/4. Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10s.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s.; lamb, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; and pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d. per 10 lb.

NEWCASTLE AND LEEDS.—The supplies of meat are less extensive, and the market has ruled steady at 1/4. Beef, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10s.; mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s.; lamb, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; and pork, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 8d. per 10 lb.

TEA.—The demand is quiet, at about stationary prices.

SUGAR.—A fair average business has been passing in most raw qualities, at late rates. The stock amounts to 6,515 tons, against 6,000 tons a week ago. The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

COFFEE.—There is an improved feeling in this market, and the quotations are well supported. Stock, 5,29 tons, against 5,161 tons a week ago. The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

RICE.—The inquiry for rice is restricted to small parcels, at late rates. The stock is 10,710 tons, against 10,101 tons in 1863. The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

SPICES.—A fair average business has been passing in most raw qualities, at late rates. The stock amounts to 6,515 tons, against 6,000 tons a week ago. The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

FRUIT.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

WINE.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

BRANDY.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

WHISKY.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

COGNAC.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

CHAMPAGNE.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

PORT.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

SHERRY.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

VERMOUTH.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

LIQUOR.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

WINE.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

BRANDY.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

WHISKY.—The market has ruled steady at 1/4.

FOOD, Birmingham, by way of travelling.—J. MILNER, Hancocks, Derbyshire, manufacturer.—E. EDWARDS, Manchester, dairyman, M. A. CARLOW, Manchester, assistant to a fruiterer.—J. THORP, Bolton, Dorset, farmer.—J. WELLS, Manchester, plumber, W. DODSON, Derby, commission agent.—B. BUSHILL, Derby, weaver.—W. ASHTON, Sheffield, stationer.—B. FOSTER, Wakefield, Yorkshire, carrier.—A. R. WILKIE, Landon, Hampshire, baker.—A. LEE, Kirby-in-Ashfield, North Gloucestershire, wheelwright, L. WALKER, Wolverhampton, grocer.—T. WARREN, Bolton, Staffordshire, journeyman plumber.—J. BAILEY, Hantley, Staffordshire, journeyman colour-maker.—F. BURGESS, North Merton, Devonshire, carpenter.—W. LOBB, St. Neot, Cornwall.—R. NEEDHAM, Bakewell, Derbyshire, horse-dealer.—G. LINTHARD, Norwich, coal-dealer.—L. GREENFIELD, Walsby, Yorkshire, journeyman stonemason.—J. WILLIAMS, Aberystwyth, Glamorgan-shire, carpenter.—B. SANDERSON, Pudsey, Yorkshire, coal-dealer, F. FAIRHALL, Minister, Kent, farm bailiff.—C. WICKETT, Everon, Lancashire, musician.—H. BROADHURST, Liverpool, oil-dealer.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Mme. ARABELLA GODDARD'S BENEFIT ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 9. The programme will include Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, for pianoforte alone; Mendelssohn's Quartet in B minor, pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello; Beethoven's Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in G, op. 30; and Mozart's Quartet in D minor, for stringed instruments (prepared by desire). Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; violin, Signor Sileri; violoncello, Signor Platti. Vocalists: Miss Banks and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor, Mr. Benedetti. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New-Bond-street.

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